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PACIFIC SCHOOL
OF RELIGION

The Chaplain

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SERMON OUTLINES • POETRY • ILLUSTRATIONS
HYMN NOTES • IDEA EXCHANGE • PERSONALS
THOUGHT-STARTERS • HUMOR • WORK METHODS

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Editor: CLARENCE W. HALL, Litt.D.
Associate Editor: JACOB S. PAYTON, D.D.

• *From the chaplaincy may come the restoration of the pastoral function!*

The Chaplain Knows It

By Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam

Bishop of the New York Area of The Methodist Church, Vice Chairman, Methodist Commission on Chaplains

IT is not unduly to exalt the pastor to express the truth that ideals become meaningful for most men when beheld incarnate in other men. Millions may hear the voice of the radio preacher, and I would be the last to discount that great service; but the masses of men are more likely to be moved by a message revealed in a good man who dwells among them full of grace and truth. No one knows this better than the chaplain. No one is better fitted to teach this truth to the Church.

By "dwelling among them," I do not mean solely residence in the same city. One of the most brilliant of the younger preachers of the nation, whose full giving of self to his people belies his advice to theological students, was so eager to stress the necessity of hard and continuous study that he said, perhaps facetiously, "I never call upon my people unless the request is accompanied by a document certifying that the member has a temperature of 103.2." The chaplain who has gone with his men to the front lines, or accompanied them as they fought for a new beachhead, knows that the Beatitudes took on new meaning when the Teacher who said, "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted," stood in the home of Mary and Martha and made inquiry concerning the brother who had died. It is recorded, "Jesus wept"; and those near by said, "Behold, how he loved him!"

The chaplain who has ministered to an American boy in those last moments knows that the minister who has stood with the broken hearted father and mother as together they have watched their lovely child slip away, who has comforted them less by what he says than by what he is, and, in the last moment of committal has read the lines with sorrow in his own heart and triumph in his own voice, is a man whom father and mother will hear with respect when he points the way to a better society and calls for the sacrifice such society may require.

I

We move into a revolutionary age. A free pulpit is essential in that age. Such a pulpit rests on surer foundations when the

cher is loved by his people. on more than one occasion a cher whose congregation in- upon a change of minister has "Bishop, I do not understand Brother Smith at Calvary rch goes much further than ing that I have ever said, but do not demand a new minis-

at is true, but Brother Smith won the hearts of his people. e was no compromise in his age. There was comprehen- in his membership. They v him. They trusted him. They ved he preached the word of as he, in utter sincerity, un- tood it. They examined their hearts when he spoke of sin. knew he had examined his t. That knowledge was born n association with a good man knew and served his people, was a pastor in the best sense at meaningful word.

II

ne Good Shepherd is reputed to known the names of his sheep. e congregations think of their cher as an hireling, because offering is too often the only onal relationship they have him. The chaplain who has with men in combat and has aled his religion in the cour- such service demands wins hearts of his men, and thus is to reach their heads.

ne preacher in a revolutionary must respect man as man. The plain knows this, and must h it to the Church. Poor David rom, sculptor of genius whose was struggle, filled with glory and despair, called me to his home one day. He wanted to talk about the publication of his autobiography. The home was a rented room in a plain street of Los Angeles. This man had known poverty, had lived in palaces. He had slaved as a stoker, and dined with kings. He sought peace, but never found it. "My misfortune," he wrote: "has been that my temperament and my art have not been necessities to the people of my time. There has been no real market for my essential talents."

That was true. But the real tragedy of Edstrom's life is found in his own words of confession: "I am not a lover of my fellow man individually. Not my father nor my mother nor my relatives, friends or comrades remain in my memory as being so desirable that I would care to see or live with them again. . . . I do not believe in the permanence of any personal relations."

I had read the typesheets of that tragic story, and remembered its closing lines, "I am still traveling, and the years stretch out ahead, full of mystery and adventure." The years were not many, and today Edstrom is but a memory among those who know art. Poor David Edstrom never knew that the joy he sought was never far away. It lay in love—love not of man as a generalization, but of man individually. This he never learned. His adventure ended in a lonely room. It is not to criticize this remarkable man—I had profound respect for him—that I write of his struggle and his sorrow. It is to say that no man can be a true pastor who does not love and re-

spect human beings. He must have the song of Sandburg in his heart, "The people, yes, the people."

The man who calls upon the people soon discovers that to take the profit motive out of the economic order is no guarantee that it will therefore leave the heart of man. The chaplain has lived with men, and will have much to teach the Church upon his return. It is the pastor that discovers the fallacies that lie in the so-called logic of much economic dogma.

The late Robert Freeman let us see life through his understanding eyes when he told of a young man and a young woman who were walking up Orange Grove Avenue in Pasadena. They were in love, and dreaming of the morrow. The young man looked upon the wide lawns leading to a mansion, and whispered: "Sweetheart, I want to build a home like that for you. I want it now—now, when we can enjoy it." It was not to become covetous that he desired wealth and such a habitation for that lovely girl. He did not know that, even as he spoke, a woman, an invalid, looked out from the window of a great bedroom on the second floor, and, seeing the girl with her beauty and her health, would gladly have given all just for the joy of walking up the Avenue in the sunlight.

III

I think the chaplain realizes too that the pastor in a revolutionary age must never forget whose man he is nor the One whom he represents. When the Federal Bureau of Investigation was reorganized under Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's extraor dinary leadership, the crimin world took notice. They had r greater respect for the law, b they did develop a wholesome fe of its representatives. They calle them Government Men, and soo shortened it to "G-Men," ar youngsters began to see the Di lingers as yellow and the Gover ment Men as heroic. The "G-Me won the respect of the nation, ar the term will live. There is anoth body of "G-Men," not Governme Men, but God's men. It is he th serve; it is his they are.

The preacher has been called "man of God." He has been s apart. No one knows his shortcor ings as truly as he knows the God's man, this he is; and in t name of God he serves. His s preme loyalty is to God. It is not nation, to race, to class. In a rev lutionary epoch, declaration loyalty is demanded. The par cries are heard and the questi asked, "Are you for us or agair us?" The preacher must never fo swear his faith. No matter h crucial the hour, he is God's m and God's alone. He must nev abjure the moral law when a ceptance of man-made law is d manded.

All this means, as the chapla has long since learned, that t pastor must be worthy of the r spect of his people—intellectual morally, spiritually. The faith preaches must be the faith he liv by. Is he able to reveal in his pe son the faith in immortality proclaims when his own son die It was just this Dan Poling when his chaplain-son went do

ea. I have often wondered, if I d the same great sorrow, ther I could repeat, as Poling "Nothing can separate me from ove of Christ."

ne chaplain knows that the or who has come to know his le preaches with the assur- that he need now but convince minds. He has already won hearts. His people become in their love for him, and if his ching be worthy they move as in the name of one Lord. istianity is the religion for a revolutionary era that would exalt the person because at its center stands the Person exalted. It is the pastor who makes religion personal. It is he who could lead his people to the Person Divine.

I speak with utter sincerity when I say that out of the pastoral experience of the chaplains may come a movement that will restore the pastoral function to its proper place in the Church and make religion sufficiently personal and, therefore, worthy of the Person who gave his life for all.

» BULLETIN BRIGHTENERS «

n't forget that your faith is what are rather than what you think.

•

bber, like religion, deteriorates st when not used.

•

sbelieving a truth affects you and he truth.

•

u can play with neither happi- nor mud without getting some ourself.

•

nen the way is not clear keep to ight.

•

ws are never broken; you can k yourself but not a law.

•

n, like rivers, grow crooked by wing the low places.

•

ere is no such thing as a little

•

ristianity has various forms but one mission.

•

avoid a crash, even your faith maintain flying speed.

It matters not where we stand but which way we face.

•

Be tolerant enough to tolerate the intolerant.

•

Regulate your life by the standards you admire when you are at your best.

•

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken.

•

The size of a person can be judged by the issues he advocates.

•

The worst trouble with idle rumors is that they are never idle.

•

Neglect a personal grievance for forty-eight hours and it will die of starvation.

•

There are two sides to every question, but there are entirely too many people who try to be on both of them.

•

Your religion can't mean much to you unless it means much to others.

• *A hard-punching padre takes a look at "hell-fire" preaching*

Fear in the Shadows

By Chaplain Russell S. Stroup

IN the valley of the shadow of death there are chaplains, God forgive them, preaching the "gospel" of fear. Fortunately, they are few; but some there are, as in the churches back home, who raise the grim spectre of death and fan the fires of hell, hoping to compel the men to seek the Father who has assured us that in that dark valley we need not be afraid. Some shivering little souls may be won that way, but real men—and most men out here in the South Pacific are that—instinctively turn with disgust from such a perversion of the saving gospel of Jesus Christ whose perfect love casts out all fear.

Fear is an evil thing. You do not inspire that which is high and holy by appealing to that which is low and base. Soldiers know that, for they have been afraid. Facing agony and death, they have met the coward that lies hidden in the heart of every man and have hated him. Their one noble fear is that they may be afraid. How, then, can they have patience with preaching that is based on an emotion they loathe for its shameful power to degrade a man?

Nor are they moved by threats. It is not a question of whether or not they believe in hell. They have lived, many of them, in its borderland. But a threat is no less odious because it is backed by reality. Tell a real man that unless he accep Christ he will go to hell, and h may believe you, but will non theless stubbornly reject salvati on terms that would compromi his manhood. I have known ma more men who rejected Christ b cause they faced death than I ha men who accepted him for th reason. Rightly or wrongly, th refused to be moved by the thre of danger to do what they had n done before. Again and again s diers have said to me, "After I g out of this, I'll be a Christian; b not now." That may seem fooli but there's a nobility about it. Y have to convince such men th there is no duress or they will n surrender themselves. I think G honors them for it.

I heard a lot of tommyrot talk in the States about men accept God in foxholes because they w afraid. Someone who knows th men should kill that damnable I have seen many men give the selves to Christ in the combat zo but they were not driven by fear compelled by threats. They w sobered by reality, chastened adversity, challenged by Divin Had an attempt been made frighten or threaten, they wo have turned away.

The true appeal of Christ is to men's craven fears but to th

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est courage. He does not speak the coward that crouches in y man's heart, but to the hero lives in every man's soul. Why do we pervert his gospel? ainly the call of Christ should t least as clarion as the call of try. It must be if we are to men. If patriotism is a stronger ion in most Americans than gion, it is because its appeal is n higher. To refuse to serve the ntry is to risk imprisonment, we wisely refrain from ap- aching most men on that sordid l. The call is, "Your Country ds You!"

en by the millions are risking r lives because they believe are serving that need. They enduring hardship and heart- e, danger and death, because feel that in so doing they are ng their country and preparing etter day for humanity. They 't talk in those terms, but in r hearts they feel it, and cer- ly their sacrifice is real.

hen Christianity appeals to on the same high level they respond. When we say to men, d needs you and his Kingdom ies on your coming," they will e all and follow him. When we roach them not with threats a challenge we will be talking r language. When we offer n not security but sacrifice—a ifice of themselves for human- —then they will deny them- es and take up a cross.

bargain with them like a ified huckster is the devil's . To base your appeal on cu- y or fear is the devil's means. You sell your soul to the devil; you give your heart to Christ. When we show to men the vision of the Kingdom of God coming down out of heaven to remake a world gone wrong, and point out to them their part as builders with Christ, then they will answer singing, "Lead on, O King Eternal, we follow not with fears."

Nor do we need to forget their personal salvation in pointing these men to visions of a world redeemed. They know their need. They recognize, most of them, the transformation that must occur in them before the world can be remade. They are eager for a faith to live by, but it must be a faith for life and not for death. They know how to die! We must show them how to live. The meanest of them can die nobly. To live nobly is another matter, and they know that. Having faced death they appreciate how precious life can be and they want passionately to live it to the full, if it is granted to them.

Every returning soldier will feel that he is beginning life anew. It is for us to show him that joyous, abundant and creative life that is in Christ. Let us not deprecate their thirst for life. Let us only be certain that they drink deep of the Water of Life and not of life's lees.

We must show them that in Christ they may enjoy all the satisfying sensations of life to the full. We must make them conscious not of the sins of the flesh, for they know about those, but of their sins of the spirit. We must point them to the virtues, not of negation, but of

high spiritual achievement. In short, we must show them Christ, the Way, the Truth and the Life.

We must cause them to fall in love with Christ. They cannot be herded to him by the lash of fear. But they can be won to him by the power of Love. How susceptible men are to that power in its earthly form is abundantly apparent in every lonely bivouac and battlefield where men find that all that makes life sweet is contained in memories of wives and sweethearts, home and children, parents and friends. If, in spite of all that war can do to them, these men keep pure, tender, strong, brave, noble and loving it is because of the sweet compulsion of the affection of those who hold their hearts in thrall. It is the one appeal that cannot fail; for love never faileth. Hearts impervious to fear are touched to tenderness by love.

Why are we so blind to the us of that power? We argue with me about the truth of God, and the minds are closed against us. W threaten men with the wrath God, and their wills stubbornly re sist. But it is the Love Unknow that breaketh every barrier dow for God came in Christ not change men's minds or to brea their wills, but to touch the hearts. He is in Christ, loving t world unto himself.

If we would only bring to m the ministry of reconciliation! we would only lead them to Ca vary to burn into their hearts t vision, not of God's wrath satisfi but God's love expressed! T heart of man cannot withstand th persuasion. There is only one a swer he can give: "Love so ama ing, so divine, demands my so my life, my all." I have found it in the combat zone.

On "Order" in the Sermon

THERE WAS ONCE an uneducated Irishman who picked up a poc dictionary and started in to read it through. He said afterward t the book seemed to be full of valuable information, but for the of him he could not get "the thread of the discourse."

There are sermons which have a lot of good stuff in them, but material is not arranged in any sort of order. The points do not c in logical fashion—1, 2, 3, 4. They come like the signals at a foot game—7, 2, 19, 23, 45, 11. The signals in the football game are purpo introduced in that confusing fashion so that they may *not* be unc stood by the players on the opposite side.

The lack of order in the arrangement of sermon material works a similar uncertainty and confusion in the minds of the people in pews, and to that extent it makes directly against the winning of game by the minister who has not learned to count.

—CHARLES R. BROWN, in *The Art of Preaching* (Macmi

XT: *"Except these abide in the ship, cannot be saved."*—Acts 27:31

Stick to the Ship!

By WILLIAM HIRAM FOULKES, *D.D.*

First Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J.

E story of that old Mediterranean ship- that happened over een centuries ago still s us. In facing our own l struggles today it is ifficult to read the old and see it leap to life. her we serve on land, e sea or in the air, the principles are in force. true of course that have been improved, wonderful devices and up-to-date equip- have helped men better to mas- he sea. Yet the laws of shipping, en on the pages of the book of e by hordes of seafaring men all through history, do not change generation to generation.

at old ship was loaded with a y-making cargo for its owners. he whole voyage revolved around man prisoner, Saul of Tarsus, a tian Jew. It was really an un- ble ship so long as he was on l. It may seem that he took too inent a place on the voyage. did he, a landlubber, know sailing the tempestuous old sea? s not hard for the master of the to turn thumbs-down on the ner's counsel.

e events that followed showed the prisoner was right and the -owners were wrong. Days with- un, nights without stars, whirling, tempestuous winds! At last, most of the cargo had to go. The sailors were about to leave too when the prisoner, who had been the only calm and steadfast soul in the whole company, spoke his words of serene and sublime confidence. "Fear not!" he said calmly. "Be of good cheer! There shall be no loss of life, only of the ship! These sailors must abide if we are to be saved!"

The captain of the soldiers cut the ropes to the boats in which the sailors were getting ready secretly to abandon the ship, which at last, with all its cargo, did break in pieces, but with all lives saved. A higher than human plan had provided that the boat must not, could not, sink with that prisoner on board.

To come to close grips with the heart of the truth, if we do not follow its letter, *there are some things that will have to stay on the ship of life if it is to weather the storms and get safely to port.* Styles of sea-craft change from generation to generation. Old windjammers have given place to Leviathans of steel. Science has invented and improved devices for more skillful navigation. Yet there are still some things that will have to be kept on board if the ship of life, individual or national, is to be saved.

1. *The* CHART *has to stay.* It maps the rocks and the reefs. It reckons the currents and tides. It points out hidden dangers, to be sure, yet its chief business is to show the way in which to go. It is the work of mind and its accumulated experiences, dealing with the forces of nature. No use discussing the kind of material used in preparing it; it tells its own true story. A ship without a chart is in a bad way, and in a desperate fix if the chart is not accurate.

The Master Mind has prepared a dependable, usable chart. To use a phrase applied to it several hundred years ago, it is "a self-evident work." Many minds through many years contributed to its making, all under the Master Mind. Every ship that sails the seven seas of life ought to have it on board; may have it on hand.

What fools men are to sail the seas of mortality without the chart of the Word of God! It offers to show us the way from our port of embarkation to journey's end, to the great snug harbor beyond the storms. It has more to do than that, but that is vital. The chart must stay on board.

2. *Then there is also the* COMPASS. It may be a simple mariner's magnetic needle or the wonderful modern gyroscope. In either case, its business is to point out directions.

Its human parallel is what we sometimes call Conscience. There is in all of us, however we may try to stifle it, an inward voice, a sense of moral direction. There is no substitute for an enlightened Christian conscience to point out the rightness or the wrongness of the way.

Our whole human system of moral law revolves about the sanctions of enlightened conscience. Throw your conscience overboard if you want t go to the bottom. Madmen have bee doing it to their doom and destruc tion in the present world war.

3. *Then there is the helm, or* RUDDE What's the use of knowing the rig direction if we do not have the abili to keep our craft headed right?

In our spiritual experience we mu have a rudder too—the rudder sound, practical teaching, "doctrin we sometimes call it. We are inclin to worry too much about whether do trines are credible; we ought to more concerned whether they a "do-able."

What a wonderful sight to see a li being steered in the right directi according to chart and compass! ship without a safe rudder is doom to drift, to become a derelict or go down. It is even more true of me lives, individually or collectively.

4. *The* ANCHOR, *too, must alwa stay.* Anchors are for emergencies help one to hold fast "'gainst sto or wind or tide."

That describes the function of t anchor of hope! We never know wh we will need it until we do. It is t late then to get one ready. It must ready all the while. The Christi hope is the great anchor of the so "sure and steadfast."

5. *Most important of all, the* MAS *must stay!* One who knows the w we take; one who has sailed the s of life himself; one who is clear-ey and stout-hearted, unafraid, dari resourceful. Would the army or navy send out untrained forces wi out competent leadership? The d ference between victory or defeat, or death, is decided by whose hand on the controls.

Whose hand is on yours?

ut from pacifism . . .

How My Mind Was Changed

By Chaplain Howell M. Forgy

AY in my bunk and lived every minute of day. I kept telling my- this was war. America at war, I was at war, this was just the start. horrible day of car- e was just the begin- .

lay there and thought ut Louise, the beautiful, der, dark-haired col- girl I had met and married in little church back in Kentucky. nted to look into her dark-brown and hold her hand while we ed this whole thing over. I won- d where she was when she heard ut the attack, and I prayed that could know I was safe.

thought about my philosophy and it had changed completely in a t period of years. Just two years in my church at Fort Collins, orado, where I was university or, I had tried, time after time, directly and subtly, to influence students and members of the regation toward my views as a fist, a hater of war.

nen, I recalled, I had watched the ase of Nazism spread like a cancer ugh Europe. I had felt my faith ankind shaken when Hitler broke promise to the world that the tenland should be his last terri- l demand. My mind and heart e shocked that any man could st so bold a lie upon the whole of mankind and then send the German armies goose-stepping over the God-given rights of one small people after another.

More and more I came to a fresh realization that I was both a citizen of the United States and a Christian. I had but two courses. One was the acceptance of a world run by a madman, in which the democratic freedom of the Church itself would be swept away. The other was resistance.

As each day's newspaper told me of the men and women driven from their homes before the Fuehrer's advance, I prayed that God would guide me in my choice. Not under a banyan tree like Buddha, but in the quiet of my little study, there came the realization that I must resist with all the strength I had and all the strength God would give me. So I packed away my civilian clothes for the last time back at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station and put on the navy blue.

I had seen pictures of war then, but today I had seen a living close-up that challenged man's faith in God and at the same time convinced me forever that I could proudly keep my allegiance both to God and to the armed might of the navy. I knew now, after the unholy destruction visited upon this peaceful, tropical harbor by the forces of evil, that a man could be a Christian and fight at the same time.

From . . . *And Pass the Ammunition* (D. Appleton-Century Company)

TEXT: *"In the beginning . . . God"*—John 1:1

God Did It First!

By EDWARD F. RANDOLPH, D.D.

MODERN inventions seem to be just new discoveries of ideas which existed in our world from its creation. Consider the following as a basis for proving the point that "God did it first":

The axe comes to us from the primitive man, and he saw the idea in a wedge-like stone which belonged to the Stone Age.

Making paper of wood-pulp has been hailed as a modern invention; but the truth is that a New England miller discovered its possibilities while dissecting a hornet's nest.

The family physician carries in his bag a hypodermic syringe; but the idea for the "hypo" was borrowed from the sting of the scorpion, one of the earliest creatures of the rocks.

South Sea Islanders have a tradition that their forefathers copied their sail-boat from the nautilus, a small shellfish which has a membrane in the form of a sail which it erects for the wind to carry it across the bounding wave.

Bell got his idea of the telephone from the ear of living things, and every telephone has its eardrum for receiving the waves of sound.

The Wright brothers studied long the hearts and wings of birds to find the secret of flying.

Eastman plucked his idea of the modern camera from the human eye, which is self-focusing, self-loading and self-developing, and produce pictures in color every time we ope our eyelids.

The beavers were building dam across rivers and supension bridge over brooks and wigwams of pole brush and mud before Adam an Eve were building their home in th Garden of Eden.

Our units of measure are also bor rowed from natural objects: a "foot is the measure of a human footprin in the sand; a "digit" is the word fo a finger; the idea of ten digits seem to come from our ten fingers and toe

The vital parts of our automobil are copied from the human body The motor is a crude type of the val vular heart, with its wonderful spar plug which may not go dead for eight years—if kept clean. The "distributo is borrowed from the brain with i network of nerves, while its "intake "filter" and "exhaust" are imitatio of functions in the physical body.

Science tells us that there are 3 movements in the realm of mechanic and all of these are found in the bod of man: for example, levers, bar joints, pulleys, pumps, pipes, wheel axles, beams, girders, trusses, arche columns.

A spider web strung across a garde path suggested the suspension bridg A lantern swinging in a tower was t start of the pendulum. An apple fal ing from a tree was the cause of di covering the law of gravitation.

Looking through his telescope o starlit night, Kepler in ecstasy cri out, "O God, I am thinking t thoughts after thee!" So is eve chemist in his laboratory, every su geon in his operating room, eve carpenter in his shop, every cook her kitchen!

me pointers in the fine art of
king your outfit a singing unit

The Ministry of Music

By Chaplain Harry W. Hargrove

is not my purpose in his article to discuss ministry of music a technical but er a practical stand- t, leaving the chap- free to use his own ative in fitting the estions here offered his unit program. ideas and methods forth herein are ned both from personal and rious experience. I know they workable, for I have seen them with good results.

viously, the first step toward development of music in any nization is the finding of mu- ns. On the classification cards he Personnel Section will be d information concerning those are musically trained or in- ed. At your request the Per- nel Section will prepare a list you.

ne next step is to call your pects together to form a unit. t is done by preparing a list cording to companies) of men ted and submitting it through t Headquarters, which will usu- release them from all duty that might meet the chaplain for purpose of bettering the music he unit. The names should be mitted at least forty-eight hours r to the time of meeting so as to give Headquarters time to clear the men concerned.

One of the first groups you will want to call out is the Choir. Prospective members are selected from a list that will be furnished by the Personnel Office from information as to "religious preference" obtained from the Service Record. The Catholic Choir will be selected from the men of the Catholic faith and the Protestant Choir from the men of the Protestant faith. Both will be handled the same as to their training and clearing the men through headquarters. In addition to seeking choirmen from the official sources, make a practice of keeping on the lookout for good talent that is not listed on the Service Record. This can often be found in any gathering where soldiers are singing.

After checking with S-3 or G-3, set a time for rehearsals that conflicts the least with the training schedule.

Carefully select the choir music, choosing only that which is suitable for male voices, not too high or too low. Fortunately, you will generally find a few men who have had some training in music. (And often you can draw from these for

a choir director or teacher.) But most of them will be strictly on the amateur side, with only the willingness to try. This calls for some special instruction in the rudiments of music, given either at rehearsal time or by special coaching. At rehearsals the choir should practice on the numbers which have been selected and arranged for the Sunday worship service.

If possible, have special numbers by the choir from some source other than the hymnal, as this adds interest to the choir itself. The choir should be trained to fit into the order of service with special singing, such as introits, responses, postludes, and so on.

Next we will discuss the music of the religious services. You don't need to be told that the worship program, whether liturgical or non-liturgical, is greatly enhanced by appropriate music.

Religious services fall into two classes—the chapel and the field services.

1. *The Chapel Service.* In camp, with the advantages of the chapel equipment, a very fine program of music can and should be arranged. Let your service open with rhythmic music designed to cause all to enter into the singing. Responses and introits by the choir may be placed suitably in the service program. (It must be remembered that music peculiar to all faiths must be used in the general Protestant service.) The order of service should be so arranged that, the further the service progresses, the slower the tempo until it reaches the stately tempo of majestic worship, musically preparing the congregatio for the message.

The hymn following the sermc must be selected with care, as can make or break the effectiv ness of the service. It should be or that drives home the thoughts the message and the theme of th service, and inspires action on th part of the hearer.

2. *The Field Service.* The fie service may be made very appea ing by the use of members of th choir and special talent, even the absence of chapel equipmer The field organ is very useful ar should not be neglected. If unab to use it, care should be taken pitch the songs low enough f men's voices, yet not too low f the low basses. Often members the band can be had to furni music for the field service, whi greatly adds to its dignity and a tractiveness.

Don't be afraid to use over a over again the songs requested the men. They love them, and wh away from home nothing mov them more than a song they we accustomed to hear there. Quarte and solos can be used with mu effectiveness. In both chapel a field, good use may be made special music. Easy anthems m be had at nominal cost from a of the music publication hous

Next we want to discuss the Sp cial Chorus. In this, men of faiths come together to sing so that are characteristic of glee cl or chorus work. You will find t your Special Chorus is not onl valuable organization but a v enjoyable one. You will find ma

who will sing in this who will sing in the church choir; others be available for both.

hen meeting for rehearsals, al-s have the men sit in groups rding to their voices—highs to-her, lows together, and so on. Chorus may use both religious secular music and sing for all ial occasions—celebrations, so-s, radio programs, entertain-ts in camp, and whatever. ow let us discuss the music of special services, particularly istmas, Easter, and the Sunday ning service.

or the Christmas service we urally could make much of the -old carols and the fine music the yuletide. This affords op-tunity for the use of a choir, rus and band in recreation halls, pels, service clubs, and around camp area on Christmas Eve the conventional traveling-up, singing the carols. Used h the chapel organ, the P.A. tem may be employed to ex-ent advantage: place the speak-on the outside of the building install the microphone on the ing directly underneath the aker of the organ, thus ampli-g it perfectly. The P.A. will also x up the voices of the choir or rus.

he Easter season affords an un-alleled opportunity to lay stress the underlying principles of re-on, regardless of the denomina-. The music of Easter is second y to that of Christmas. Here in the Choir and Chorus may h be featured in the special sic of the season, in chapel, hall, and open-air gatherings such as the Easter sunrise services.

Using the P.A. system, the Band and Chorus leading the Easter music can provide an excellent background for the Easter message. I would suggest that the Chorus be arranged on a platform around the "mike," and that the old familiar hymns be used to get the audience quickly to join in the songs. Then some special cantata music, which may be obtained from any of the publishing houses, may with a little careful rehearsing be presented with great effect.

For the informal Sunday evening service I suggest that the men be given the opportunity to select their own songs, which they will do readily if given a chance, and that the singing be carried on without any special organization. I have had many men say that they enjoyed this service above all—because they had some part in it. I find that by singing only two verses of each song selected, we reach more men and sing more songs. It is often effective, if the chaplain chooses to do so, to interpolate briefly a word of comment on the songs' history and message. With the large selection of songs in the Hymnal, it is well to tactfully guide the selection of songs so as to acquaint the men with as many as possible. Both the Hammond and the field organ are valuable in this service, as they are tuned to the same pitch and may be used together, thus giving a sense of fullness to the music. For small crowds the field organ may be used altogether if so desired.

Next let us consider the mass "Sing-songs." These are purely informal, and can be started wherever a group of men are gathered—in recreation hall, theatre, bivouac, service club, troop transport, or wherever. All you need is a strong voice and a memory of tunes and words of old songs with militant air.

The theatre is a good place for mass singing (presuming the permission of the Theatre Officer). The music of four or five instruments, or an accordion, is ample to carry these song-fests for about fifteen minutes between the short subjects and the feature picture. You will have time for about seven songs. The use of a 3¼" x 4" slide projector with an 18" lens will project from the rear of the theatre with good results. Radio slide mats or other similar slide mats can be used. With a little ingenuity you can make your own slides. The glass covers can be used over and over. The words of current song hits may be purchased at most any news counter, and added to those in the Army Song Book, possessed by every soldier, you have a wealth of material.

One way of stimulating singing in a unit is to have representatives from each platoon or other smaller units come together in the recreation hall where they will learn the songs of the Army Song Book. These men in turn will go back to their platoons or other groups or sections and be responsible for the singing in mess halls and other gatherings. This type of singing is very valuable and should not be neglected. Use whatever instruments you may have on hand, fron harmonica to piano. If no instru ments are available, use care i pitching the songs so as not to ge them too low for low voices or to high for the average male voice These songs should be sung in quick tempo, which arouses interes and enthusiasm. From such song fests many recruits will be foun for the other music functions o the chaplain.

Lastly, consider the music of th march. Every one can testify to th spirit of band music and the effec of martial airs on tired men. singing army is a fighting army Singing helps to overcome fatigue it lifts morale, it takes the soldier' mind off the personal worries o the day. But it must come from th heart, spontaneously; it cannot b "ordered." To promote this kin of singing, have leaders strategical ly placed in the columns and mad responsible for starting the song They may be members of th Chorus or Choir or the membe from the smaller units featured the recreation-hall singing. If th unit has a special marching son this above all must be known all and sung on the march.

In the foregoing I have not e deavored to give an exhaustive di cussion of music, but do hope th the practical suggestions offer may help toward creating an ul mately higher morale and mo efficient army. The chaplain's clo co-operation with the unit in t song field is a great factor towa realizing this success, to say not ing of the fine results he may e joy in his own personal field, th of the religious life of a soldi

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

(Julia Ward Howe)

many marching feet have moved to the swing of this martial air, so many hearts beneath uniforms mufti alike have been strengthd by its refrain of assurance that od is marching on," that it is profble to review the hymn's origin. To so it is necessary to go back to a vember day in 1861 in the nation's bital.

The Battle Hymn was written in ring times, when Washington was armed camp. Squads of recruits o had responded to President Lin-n's call for a half million men lled in the squares, marched along streets or huddled about their mp-fires. In the autumn sunlight, yonets flashed as guardsmen pa-led before the public buildings and nned their posts at the approaches the city. Sentries could be seen cing the newly-made earthworks t lay coiled like a great brown rpent about the beleaguered Capital. Then, as always in war times, ashington had its visitors, and ong them was a party from Boston mprised of Dr. and Mrs. Samuel G. owe, their pastor, Dr. James Free-an Clarke, and the governor of Mas-chusetts, John A. Andrew and his fe. The most popular officer in ashington was General George B. Clellan, a showy, handsome young ntleman of thirty-five, a bit more flated than usual over having been med the successor of General Win-ld Scott, "Old Fuss and Feathers." The reputation of General McClellan as an organizer had not yet been dimmed by his record of inactivity in the field. He was always in the saddle, and like Saint George on the signs he was always riding but got nowhere.

But the Army of the Potomac was his pride, and reviews were his chief joy. To one such review went Julia Ward Howe and her party. She saw the valley stretching from the Chain Bridge over the Potomac, across the site where the Pentagon Building now stands and as far down as Alexandria, one vast tented plain. Officers, attended by their staff, galloped by, leaving clouds of dust. Hoofs clattered, scarfs snapped in the November wind, leather creaked, swords glistened. And there followed the great spectacle of the review of the Army of the Potomac.

As Julia Ward Howe and her friends rode homeward through the gathering darkness, in order to lessen the tedium caused by the delay of marching regiments they turned to singing. Among the numbers was "John Brown's Body," a popular song of unknown authorship set to the tune of an old camp-meeting hymn. Soon the soldiers joined them, assisted by fife and drum corps, until the roadway became melodious as the columns swung past with rhythmic tread. It was then that Dr. Clarke suggested to Mrs. Howe that she write some words worthy of the tune.

That night, in a room of the old

Willard Hotel in Washington, Julia Ward Howe lay awake reviewing the events of the day. All the pageantry of assembled armies seemed to resolve itself into the age-old clash between the forces of darkness and light, of oppression and freedom. Stanza by stanza the immortal lines came to her, and she arose and in the faint light of dawn jotted down what was nothing less than a vision of God in the midst of the camp of all those who contend for his rightousness. She saw "the fateful lightenings of his terrible swift sword," read his "fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel," and heard his "trumpet that shall never call retreat." And ever through it all she resoundingly affirmed that "his truth is marching on."

It was an army chaplain, Charles C. McCabe, who, with the pallor of prison still on his cheeks, sang it first in the presence of President Lincoln. Tears welled from the President's eyes as he said, "Sing it again, Chaplain. Sing it again." And thus, out of longings which are timeless and aspirations that have their habitations in all hearts, Julia Ward Howe caught the music to which millions of young Americans today are marching.

EDITOR'S NOTE: At the request of several chaplains, we begin herewith a series of occasional "Stories Behind Well-Known Hymns." Contributions of such incidents dealing with the composition of hymns, especially those appearing in the Army and Navy Hymnal, are welcome.

This account was written by Dr. Jacob S. Payton, associate editor of THE CHAPLAIN.

The Shouts of War Shall Cease

(*Tune: "America the Beautiful"*)

America, America, the shouts of war shall cease;
The glory dawns! The day is come of victory and peace!
And now upon a larger plan we'll build the common good,
The temple of the love of man, the House of Brotherhood!

What though its stones were laid in tears, its pillars red with wrong?
Its wall shall rise through patient years to soaring spires of song;
For on this house shall faith attend with joy on airy wing,
And flaming loyalty ascend to God the only King!

America, America, ring out the glad refrain!
Salute the flag, salute the dead that have not died in vain!
O glory! glory to thy plan to build the common good,
The temple of the rights of man, the House of Brotherhood!

—*Submitted by* CHAPLAIN JAMES A. HUDSON

od material for a lecture on
scipline to all personnel . . .

The Genius of Leadership

By John Sutherland Bonnell, D.D.
Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City

HE subject of leadership is of paramount rest to people en- d in a military or a l career. Leadership lves many psycho- al factors that are always easy to trace o analyze. This psy- logical background is pecial interest, and I attention to it be- se of its extreme importance. y own interest in psychology an early in life. My father was, 48 years, Supervisor in a men- nospital. At the age of 17 I be- e an attendant at that hospital, king in its wards with mental ents. For two-and-a-half years ttended the lectures of the lical Superintendent and gained e definite insights into the ciples of psychiatry.

I

ne of the first lessons I learned hat *an indispensable qualifica- for leadership is the ability to orce discipline.* Discipline must maintained in a mental hospital. absence of it would endanger safety of the patients as well as staff. Even the mental patients erstand the meaning of author- and discipline. In that hospital I learned to exercise leadership.

Discipline is indispensable in educational institutions. We have all discovered this in our school days. We observed that some teachers were unable to maintain discipline by the force of their own personality. They had to shout, to bluster, to threaten, to pound the desk with a pointer. The military equivalent is the officer who cannot obtain discipline without threatening his men or without the use of a large amount of profanity. When such external aids are necessary to enforce a command, it is evidence of an ineffective personality.

The average soldier dislikes discipline. He resents it and rebels at it. Usually this is an inward rebellion. It is easy to understand why men recently inducted into military life should resent discipline. Ever since the time of their youth they have been able to order their own lives. To a large degree they have decided when to get up, when to have their meals, when to go to bed, when to put their light out and many other details, such as what they will do with their weekends. On entering military service they

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article by Dr. Bonnell has been delivered in the form of an address to officers of certain American divisions in military camps in the U. S. So tremendously has it been received by high-ranking leaders that, with Dr. Bonnell's permission, we reproduce it here with the thought that it might well be used by chaplains for the basis of similar addresses to commissioned and non-commissioned personnel. We venture to say there is no commanding officer who will not think more highly of his chaplain for thus undergirding his work.

The denouement, strictly spiritual in appeal, is suited to men of all faiths.

suddenly find all these matters taken out of their hands. The power of making these decisions is no longer theirs. Even the smallest details of life are decided for them.

It is important to remember, however, that *the man who cannot take orders will never be able effectively to give them.* The ability to receive orders and accept discipline is part of one's training in leadership.

II

A second consideration of equal importance is that *there is nobody in the army or navy, no matter how high his rank, who is not subject to discipline.* The admiral in command of a fleet, or a commanding general of a camp, is subject to discipline. He is accountable to his superiors. The inspectors from the War Department visit all our military camps, and the commanding officer of the camp is held accountable for any lack of efficiency or discipline. This fact should be brought to the attention of every new recruit. It should be made clear to him that the whole army is not "ganging up" on him.

An interesting illustration of discipline comes to light in the New Testament. A certain Roman Centurion came to Jesus in the hope that the Master would heal his servant. In making it clear he didn't expect a personal visit fro our Lord he said:

But speak the word only and m servant shall be healed. For I am man under authority, having soldie under me: and I say to this man, G and he goeth; and to another, Com and he cometh; and to my servar Do this, and he doeth it.

There is a clean-cut illustratio of leadership and discipline. Th Centurion was under authority his superiors, and he took orde from them, but he also had soldie under him.

Discipline enters into eve phase of life—the relation of a pa tor with his congregation, of t parent and his child, the teach and his scholars, the employer a his employee, the physician and h patient, the officer and his subord nate.

Discipline is a builder of cha acter and personality. It generat qualities of alertness, devotion duty, courage, comradeship, loya ty, and manliness.

Discipline always seems for the ti to be a thing of pain not of joy, b these who are trained by it reap t fruits of it afterward in the peace an upright life.

These words might well have o curred in a military manual. Th

re taken, however, from the w Testament. They are from The ter to the Hebrews.

III

t is important that all ranks ould realize that discipline is a e-saver. There is no more dan- rous outfit to which a man could long than one that is lacking in cipline.

An instance of this is seen in the king of the *Morro Castle* ten ars ago. She took fire off the ew Jersey coast. There was ample me in which to evacuate the ship t a panic swept over the passen- ers and crew. Although there ere little more than 500 persons n board, 134 lives were lost.

Contrast this with the sinking of e transport *President Coolidge* uring the present war. She went own in fifty minutes, and although here were on board between 4,000 nd 5,000 soldiers, only four lives ere lost.

The difference in the two situa- ons was that of discipline. There ill be occasions in the future, as here have been in the past, when he loss of life on transports will e much heavier than this, but that ill only be because certain other actors have entered, such as an mmediate sinking, a very heavy ea, or the fact that the sinking ccurred at night.

IV

Discipline keeps men steady un- der fire. There is all the difference n the world between an army and a mob. The basic explanation of the difference is discipline. Its value can be seen when a unit suffers its first casualties. Those of you who have not been in actual combat will yet learn that one of the most trying experiences of the war will be your first casualties. When you see the men with whom you have trained, with whom you have lived in barracks and on parade grounds, die before your eyes, that is an experience that shakes the souls of men.

I shall always remember our first casualties. We were manning one of the guns. It was an 8" howitzer. Some shells were passing overhead. They came quite low, and each time all the men in the gun crew ducked. Then one of the gunners began to josh the others about getting the "wind up." When the next few shells came over, hardly any one ducked. Suddenly one of them came roaring into the position, but the crew was too late in flattening out on the ground. It was a 4.2 and must have had a graze fuse, for the hole it left in the ground was so shallow that it would scarcely have held a half pail of water. Six were instantly killed and three seriously wounded. That evening one had only to look into the faces of the men of our unit to see that they were badly shaken. Shortly after that, we had to go out and man the guns again under fire. It was discipline that kept us steady in that hour of emergency and enabled us to perform the duty that lay at hand.

V

Discipline involves implicit obedience to orders. It is a matter of importance that discipline be thoroughly enforced during the period

of training, otherwise it will break down when it is needed most of all.

Let me give you an illustration out of my experience in France during the last war. We were trained in the use of our gas masks, but the enemy had not employed gas for some considerable time and we became satisfied that he probably would not use it again. We were right at the battlefront, and the orders were that as soon as the gas alarm sounded, every man was to wear his mask until the "all-clear" sounded.

One evening there was a gas alert. In a few minutes it was perfectly evident that there was no actual attack. There wasn't a trace of gas anywhere and it was broad daylight. One could see that officers NCO's and men of various units were not wearing their masks. In our unit we had a sergeant-artificer who had been drafted into our battery. He went around jeering at the NCO's who continued to wear their masks until the "all-clear."

Three nights later, the city of Armentieres came under tremendous bombardment. It was eleven o'clock at night and all our battery was sleeping with the exception of the men on duty. I was bunked in a room on the ground floor and noticed that among the high explosive shells coming in there were others that didn't detonate.

I rested on my elbows and sniffed the breeze coming in through the shattered window. The air was tainted with a strong smell of mustard. I had read in the battery office a warning about "Yellow Cross Mustard Gas" and instantly knew that this was it! I sounded the gas alarm and put on my gas mask. In three quarters of an hour 30,000 gas shells were poured into the city. The bombardment had scarcely ceased when dozens of men removed their masks. This was in disobedience to the orders we had received. I wore my mask for four hours, and that is why I am alive today.

The sergeant-artificer slept in a cellar at one side of the courtyard we occupied. A gas shell fell just outside his cellar window. Two private soldiers were sleeping in the same cellar. The exploding shell sprayed the ground around the window with a deadly liquid which gave off fumes. The gas, being heavier than air, settled into the cellar. The sergeant-artificer did not put on his gas mask. He was too "smart" a man for that! Unfortunately the two private soldiers, following the example of the sergeant, didn't put on theirs either.

The next morning at five o'clock the sergeant-artificer came to me saying he was in great pain and inquiring where he could get treatment. In not more than twenty-four hours he was dead. One of the young orderlies who slept in the same cellar died within a week, the other lived for a few months.

The next morning, with a basin of water containing boracic acid in my hand, I walked along a line of thirty-five men and bathed their eyes. They were temporarily blind their eyes looking like two clots of blood. Neither the white nor the pupils were visible. Mucous was streaming from their nostrils and they suffered from intermitten vomiting and diarrhea. They were

itiful sight to behold. These e the men who took off their s while deadly fumes poisoned air. The great majority ulti- ely regained their sight but suffered a great deal and were of action for months.

am especially stressing this il- ation because there are a lot eople in the armed forces today are saying that there is little lihood of gas being used. I shall surprised if gas is *not* used.

VI

Another important quality of dership is the ability to inspire st and confidence. The true der will have as one of his major siderations the safety and well- ng of the men under him. He l never order men to go where is unwilling to go himself. He l personally attend to their ysical needs. He will be con- ned to keep casualties at the solute minimum, always having gard to the objectives to be won.

VII

Finally, the true leader will un- rstand the meaning of fear and ll explain its meaning to those der him. Every service man ght to know that fear is a nat- al, normal constructive emotion. Only when fear gets out of hand it destructive and damaging. ery soldier ought to be told that some time he is going to be raid. The presence of fear does t mean that a man is a coward. e difference between cowardice d courage lies in the fact that the ward lets his fears master him ile the courageous man masters s fears.

VIII

In closing, allow me to stress the spiritual factor in courage.

Recently an article appeared in the *British Medical Journal.* It was written by Air Commodore A. P. Simonds of the Royal Air Force. His study was based on 2,000 cases. He declares that emotional tension was a much more important factor than fatigue, either physical or mental, in producing nervous strain. Fear was the main cause of the emotional tension. The best antidote to fear was found to be confidence.

But what are the sources of confidence? Here are some of them: Trust in one's leaders, dependence on one's battle equipment, reliance upon the efficiency of one's own training—and, finally, that which I believe to be the most important of all, *a deep religious faith.* The man who possesses faith and knows how to employ it, whether he be Catholic, Protestant or Jew, has a long jump on the man who lacks it.

In May, 1941, more than six months before the United States entered the war, I flew to Britain by way of Portugal and experienced six or seven air-raids of varying intensity in the British Isles.

I was in Britain right on the heels of the big raid on London on the night of May 10. At that time the Germans had been dropping land mines of tremendously destructive power. These huge cylinders of steel floated down by parachute, with the graze fuses attached to the mines so that they would detonate on the slightest contact.

On one occasion while I was

there, the raiders came over dropping these land mines. At dawn one of the air-raid wardens found a mine hanging by a parachute on the steel girder of a factory. Immediately the demolition squad was called. It was in charge of a young second lieutenant who had a ladder put up to the girder and then ordered his men to safety. Climbing the ladder, he examined the mine with great care, testing it, listening to it, examining the fuse (for the Nazis had been using an inside fuse that exploded three to five seconds after the outer one was removed). With very great care the lieutenant adjusted the appropriate wrench on the fuse and painstakingly by the fraction of an inch loosened it and removed it.

Then he signalled his men to come and now lower the harmless mine down to the ground.

My friend said to him: "I take off my hat to you. Any man who can do a thing like that without being afraid is certainly a hero in my judgment!"

The lieutenant said: "I am no hero and I was plenty scared. Every time I get one of these assignments I am afraid."

"If that is so," my friend inquired, "how do you account for the fact that you are able with a steady hand to unscrew these fuses?"

"Well, you see," said the lieutenant, "I am steady when I get to that part of the job. I have got to be. If my hand so much as trembled on that wrench it probably would be the last of me."

"Tell me," said my friend, "How is it that you are able to contro your fears and become so steady i the critical moments?"

The lieutenant was a little em barrassed, but when my frien pressed him he said: "Well, it i like this. I do it by means of a vers that I learned as a boy at m mother's knee. It runs like this 'Yea, though I walk through th valley of the shadow of death, will fear no evil: for thou art wit me; thy rod and thy staff they com fort me.'

"Now do not mistake me; thi doesn't mean that I believe tha one of these fuses will never g off. Yet somehow when I repea these words to myself, I feel a though it doesn't make any differ ence what will happen. I am mad strong by the assurance that God i with me."

Lay hold of this message now repeat it to yourself each night be fore you go to sleep on your arm cot, or in your bunk in a ship a sea. Then, when the hour of crisi comes, it will keep you steadfast i any emergency.

Through training, disciplin obedience, alertness, belief in th justice of the cause for which yo are fighting, the devolopment o the qualities of leadership in your self and of a spirit of trust in thos who lead you, combined with a unshakable faith in that Divin Power which rules the destinies o men—you will be enabled alway to prove your fitness in the da when every man is tested and wi enable you to demonstrate that yo are worthy of the honorable dis tinction of wearing the America service man's uniform.

TEXT: *"And Isaac digged again the wells of water."*—Gen. 26:18

In the Desert You Dig!

By GANSE LITTLE, D.D.
Broad Street Presbyterian Church, Columbus, Ohio

WHEN Lawrence of Arabia discovered the e Arab sheiks at the s Peace Conference re- ing the water faucets he hotel bathrooms as packed up to return e, their naive explana- was: "We thought they ld be wonderful to have he desert!"

his illustration suggests basic elements in life; first, our l is for the water of life; second, system of distribution can make for the absence of an adequate ce of supply.

I

nd Isaac digged WELLS OF WATER."

e is no easy way to water in the erness. In the desert of life we dig down to the source of supply.

) *There is no easy way to truth ny area of life.* "The best things fe are free" is an absolutely false ment. The best things in life cost most.

LLUSTRATIONS: Madame Curie in search for radium had to sift thou- s of pounds of pitchblende; the y Treatment for infantile paraly- volves prodigious labor.)

y does God make the discovery application of truth in the realm estoration so hard? We do not . Living in a desert, we must dig.

(b) *There is no easy way to express values in life.* Friendship demands application and hard work. It is not easy come by. We must dig for it. There is no easy way to love and happiness in marriage; "incompatability" is simply an excuse for not working at the relationship of marriage.

There is no easy way to peace. We are for peace on earth only when we are willing to dig for it—to work and fight and sacrifice and give as unceasingly to win peace as we are willing to do so in order to win the war.

(c) *There is no easy way to an expression of God.* We say salvation is simple. It is. But that does not mean it is easy. Digging a well is simple—but it is difficult. When Jesus said, "Ask, and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you," he was simply reminding us that we have to dig to discover vital spiritual reality. We find God when we search for him as a man dying of thirst digs for water in the desert—with desperate earnestness.

II

"And Isaac digged AGAIN *the wells of water which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father."*

Abraham and Isaac chose to reopen

old wells rather than dig new ones The wisdom in following their example lies not in any compulsion to do what our fathers did, but because we know it to be a practical fact that in the desert the wells must be sunk at those spots overlying the great underground rivers which are best tapped by shafts at certain proved points. The well must find the water where it is, and the experience of past generations is the best guide to those sources.

(a) *New generations must use new ways* of bringing the water to the surface and better methods of distribution. Power pumps, and finally chromium-plated faucets, are all to the good. But first of all you must reopen the well.

(b) The Scripture lesson tells us Isaac redigged *three wells.* These wells suggest to us three essential sources of supply for spiritual power—The Bible, Prayer, The Church.

1. *The Bible:* An indespensible source of supply because it tells us of Jesus Christ who said, "I am the water of life. If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." The Bible is "the door to God."

2. *Prayer:* Along the trails of the Appalachian Mountain Climbing Club, the shelters for hikers are always placed near an adequate source of water. The reason for daily prayer is not to call God's attention to our situation, for he knows all about that. Prayer is the means by which we receive fresh strength and courage and faith for the next day's march, wherever it may take us.

3. *The Church:* Corporate worship is the preaching of the Word of God; Christian fellowship constitutes essential sources of supply for fine living Going to church is like driving into a gasoline station and telling the attendant to "fill 'er up."

Spiritual gasoline stations are essential because we can only go so far on the truth we've got. Communion with nature or a "do my best" philosophy with life are not good enough because these wells are shallow and do not center over the source of the underground supply.

III

The brave new world will be built only by brave new people. Our journey through the wilderness of life is possible only as we possess adequate sources of the waters of life. The old wells for many of us are cluttered with refuse, filled in with careless living. They are still waiting to be reopened, still waiting to give forth their refreshing flow.

Well-digging is a tough job, but it must be done if we are to possess life in the desert. A description in the encyclopedia of one of the wells that Abraham digged generations ago challenges us to do some digging in our own time. It says: "The Well of Beersheba is still flowing, a mighty shaft reaching down to the inexhaustible source of supply—an underground river of limitless water. Its dimensions are: Diameter, 12½ ft.; depth, 44½ ft. down to the surface of the water—the last 16 ft. through solid rock."

How do you imagine Abraham ever did it? We can only speculate. But he found the means to do it because he *had* to have water—and in the desert you dig for it!

Have you sent "THE CHAPLAIN" your latest address?

rd of a three-part series

reating the ATMOSPHERE for Worship

By Albert W. Palmer, LL.D.

President, Chicago Theological Seminary

E will bring our discussion of the f creating worship sphere to a close a look at the chap- prayers. Probably, e last analysis, the sphere of worship ds more upon the r's prayers than any other single nt. I am therefore ring to close with some words is important subject which I several years ago and which eproduced, with the consent publishers (Willett, Clark & from my little book, *The er's Job.*

first step in a good pastoral is a spirit of hushed and de- waiting by the minister him- efore God as the supreme oul of the universe. If the er is not in the noblest sense st at the moment of public , he only goes through a nery and empty form.

second step is also a priestly n the finest, broadest mean- the term. He who leads in must gather to himself with pathetic and understanding ll the varying needs of the congregation. Aye, and for he must feel the world and its great needs. He must enter with a constructive imagination into the lives of the men and women here before him.

Let him say to himself: Here are the troubled, the bereaved, the wistful; here is the tired mother, the harassed businessman, the numb victim of routine; here are the lonely, the stranger and the unemployed, the injured and mistreated, the disillusioned and the superficial, the tempted, the fearful and the sinning. Even the hypocrite is here! But the minister will do well to remember that the joyful and triumphant are also present—youth with its vitality and hope, maturity with its mastery and achievement. Religion must not seem to such to be merely a consolation and a caring for the wounded; it must also sound a trumpet in the dawn.

All the intimate knowledge and winnowed wisdom of his pastoral experience, gained in the course of his going in and out among his people or through their coming to him with their troubles, will be the background of his prayer. What a thrilling task it is for the minister thus to catch the varying moods of the congregation, gather them all

together and bring them, hushed and humble and expectant, into the attitude of worship!

How shall he do it? Now the issue will depend largely upon his sense and power of emotional leadership. He is to lead not only their minds but their hearts and wills. Much will depend on the service which has just preceded. In general it is well to precede the pastoral prayer by a brief but deeply devotional responsive service designated the "Call to Prayer," followed by a verse of some old hymn sung softly by the choir, and then by a period of absolute silence before the spoken prayer begins. This silence should not be too long and it should be preceded by a definite invitation: "Let us now wait before God in silent prayer."

Something depends upon the minister's voice. It should be low but not too low, deep but not too deep, and there should be in it a warmth and vibrant quality which is sympathetic without being sentimental, honeyed or artificial. Reality, reverence, reassurance and expectancy are communicated by the voice even before the thoughts are uttered.

But a voice is a vain thing unless it has something to say. And so the content of the prayer is all-important. First of all, the prayer should not contain too much. We don't need to give information to God—he knows before we tell him. The purpose of the prayer is to bring us to God, not God to us; its keynote, as Fosdick says, should be not "give me" but "use me." It must deal, then, with the vital concerns of the congregation—either with the things that are keeping them apart from God or with the open doors through which they may pass into the inner sanctuary. It should never be a sort of disguised bulletin of the week's events or a concealed announcement like the famous petition devised by the college president, "O Lord, bless the French class which thou knowest will not meet at the usual hour of ten forty-five this morning!" And yet it may, and indeed often must, deal with what is in the focus of attention.

I

Is there any preferred order in public prayer? Order there should be in the leader's mind, but it may well be changed from time to time lest, to the congregation, it become routine and stereotyped. In general, the writer finds his pastoral prayer tending to arrange itself as follows: First comes the cry of the soul for the presence of God

O God, in whom we live and move and have our being, gather us close to thee now in the hour of morning prayer. Out of the turmoil of the week, out of the dust and smoke of daily life, out of all our troubles, out of all the cheap and trivial things of the passing hour, we come, O Lord, into this sacred place and this holy hour that we may listen for thy voice and hear that only.

Sentences like these lead easily and naturally into the mood of confession. What the prayer book calls "a prayer of humble access" follows almost inevitably:

We recognize, O God, that men live from man to man, and not from man, O Lord, to thee; and so we come

with no false pride or sense of undue importance, but humbly and simply, as children to a well-loved Father.

Petitions for forgiveness, new light, added strength and continued guidance follow naturally, and then the prayer lifts itself to look out on wider horizons and we pray for others—the stranger, the tempted, the bereaved, the overburdened, the ill. On it goes to yet wider concerns and interests—the Church, the missionary, the city, the nation, the world. And then, before it closes, let it come back to the personal again:

O Lord, beyond these spoken prayers, each one of us brings to thee in the quiet of this holy hour his own personal, intimate, inarticulate longings and aspirations—"all we could never be, all we aspired to be and were not, thoughts hardly to be packed into a narrow act, fancies that broke through language and escaped . . ." O Lord, hear these our unspoken yearnings as yet unrealized as we lift them to thee in the peace and quiet of this hour, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

And then, very softly, as though an echo far away, the organist plays a verse of some old beloved hymn—and the prayer is done.

II

Of course, it is quite obvious that all this requires, in the noblest, truest sense, literary skill; only it must not be a self-conscious, pretty, ornamental, flamboyant, rococo kind of literary skill. It must have at times the ruggedness of the hills and the realism of a Doric column. The language must be that of reverence and of dignity. It is bette not to call God "you," though wit uneducated men that may some times be the acid test of reality neither do men want any eas familiarity with that august an mystic Spirit which broods ove the universe. And yet there must b something which is beyond rever ence and dignity—there must b intimacy. Intimacy but not famil iarity!

III

How shall a man master th language of devotion? By loving i and making it a part of himself Some of this language is in th Bible—there is the fountain-head of course. But it is also in th prayer book and in modern book of prayer like Joseph Fort New ton's *Altar Stairs,* McKee's *Com munion with God,* Orchard's *The Temple,* Rauschenbusch's *Prayer of the Social Awakening* and Ste venson's *Vailima Prayers.* A verse or phrase from an old hymn wil often lift a prayer to a new emo tional level. Finally, a man must love and cherish poetry if he would pray. He must not use long quota tions—never that!—but faint and far-off echoes of the great poets which will fill his prayer with over tones that people will hear, not al ways knowing what they hear, with spiritual joy and uplifted hearts.

Other things being equal, the minister's public prayers will be impressive and uplifting in propor tion as they are truly and deeply intercessory. A man may well for get his sermon when he begins to pray, lest he preach it twice! A prayer is not an essay or a philo-

sophical debate. It may well be a confession of faith, however, especially as it gets under way:

O God, we believe that beyond our wavering sense of right and wrong there is a justice that shall never know defeat, and that beyond our imperfect appreciation of the beautiful there is a beauty which is eternal and undimmed. We reach out to the supreme goodness and cast ourselves upon the mercy that cannot fail.

All this is good. But the prayer must go on to *plead* for something. It is the intercessory note that stirs the human heart. "Here is a man talking to God and asking for something that he needs and that we all need"—when the congregation begins to say that to themselves, they also are lifted on the wings of prayer.

IV

The objects of intercession should be changed from week to week. Keep the prayer short; one Sunday you may plead for doctors and nurses, another Sunday for teachers, another for the homes from which we come, and yet another for missionaries and pastors. Pray frequently for the ill, the tempted, the troubled in mind or body or estate, the stranger. People will be grateful to you for constant remembrance of "those we love and those who love us, wherever they may be," and for "the gratitude we owe to those whose devotion has been a benediction to our lives and who have brought us light and healing." Also, as Charles Gilkey has well said, "While you cannot preach about the social gospel every Sunday, you can pray about it!" Therefore, with all your soul be an intercessor for peace, for racial and economic justice, for the city of love and beauty, for a civilization of brotherly man, for childhood.

Should the minister write his prayers and read them? Personally I do neither. We of the Protestant tradition have a great word in connection with prayer—we do not "read" prayers, we "make" them. A prayer should be *made*, it should strike the creative note! Of course there is a place for liturgical and responsive prayers, and the writing of prayers is one way of learning how to use the language of devotion. But in the supreme moment the congregation will be lifted higher by one who makes his prayer, pours out his soul to God in spontaneous adoration.

PRAYER HYMN

(*May be sung to the tune "Whittier"*)

By CHAPLAIN ROBERT W. FRIBLEY

O Lord, permit my hand to touch
In faith, Thy seamless robe,
That all the scattered parts of me
Infused with holy ecstasy
May form a living whole.

Remove the subtle barriers
Of will and strong desire.
Release the tensions of my heart
That keep my soul and Thee apart,
And teach me how to pray.

And, Lord, within that quietness
When I am awed and still,
Instruct my soul and heart and mind
That in Thy presence I may find
A mission to fulfil.

Make stronger all my faculties,
Inspire my mortal will;
Restore the springs of energy
That I may never fail to be
A weapon for the right.

CAN YOU TOP THESE?

• DAYLIGHT HOLD-UP: During a field problem, while stationed down in Texas, CHAPLAIN HARRY J. BERRY met with financial misfortune. It seems that the challenge for the day was to include the word "will," and the reply to the challenge was to be "yes." Chaplain Berry explains it thus: "I walked up to a gun position and the soldier threw this question at me, 'Will you lend me ten dollars?' My answer had to be, 'You've got me, soldier. Yes.'"

• FAITH SHAKEN: Over in the European Theater of Operations a GI came to CHAPLAIN CHARLES N. HAWK and pointed out a quotation from General Ben Lear in the *Stars and Stripes* as follows: "Many in the army in Europe may return home by the Suez Canal and Tokyo." When the soldier asked if there was not something in the Bible about the rod and the staff comforting a person, the chaplain repeated the Twenty-third Psalm. For a time the soldier remained in a rather perplexed silence, and then said, "Well, I just can't see how goodness and mercy are going to follow me, if I have to go to the Pacific."

• BEFUDDLED: Down on Trinidad CHAPLAIN DURWARD T. GOODWIN was doing a little amateur entomologizing when he approached a group of men at a beer party. Quite innocently he exhibited a grasshopper five and one-half inches long, which is not an unusual size for the species of the field on that island. But when one of the party saw the monster, he stared wildly and exclaimed: "Good heavens, I'm beginning to see things! I think, fellows, I've had all I can stand."

• INTER-FAITH REPORT: They had to be married at once, as the prospective groom was to be shipped out at three o'clock that very afternoon. So CHAPLAIN ERVIN J. FLORIN, stationed at Keesler Field, who is a clergyman of the Evangelical and Reformed Church, not having his own ritual at hand, used the Presbyterian. The ceremony for the couple, who were Catholics, was performed in the home of a Jewish rabbi, and one of the witnesses, the staff chauffeur, was a Methodist!

• ONLY THE RINGS: CHAPLAIN ARTHUR E. K. BRENNER is in a quandary out at the Army Air Field, Grand Island, Nebraska. Some time ago a couple, all dove-eyed and cooing, left with the chaplain the rings with which they intended to plight their faith each to the other. But neither at the appointed hour nor since have the twain appeared. Now the chaplain claims that he just cannot proceed with a wedding beyond making the arrangements and keeping the rings. At present he is in the melancholy situation of looking for a couple in a matrimonial frame of mind.

• REVIVAL OF CLASSICS: As a service to men aboard a transport, CHAPLAIN CLIFTON BELL opened a "lost and found" department. To an inquirer for his lost dog-tags and the gold chain that held them, he stated that they had not been turned in, but that he would appeal to the finder over the ship's public-address system. Here is the heart-rending appeal, filched and paraphrased from none other than the Bard of Avon himself, as it boomed forth: "He who steals my chain steals trash; 'twas mine, 'tis his and nothing more; but he who takes my dog-tags filches from me my good name and serial number which, tho' not enriching him, leaves me poor indeed!"

IDEA EXCHANGE

"Chappie's Cussin' Coins"

¶ The old problem of inducing men to keep the Third Commandment was met in a new way by CHAPLAIN LEO M. MARKER while stationed at Key Field, Meridian, Miss. The ingenious plan, according to a news report, was as follows: Chaplain Marker, desiring to reduce the amount of profanity in his organization without arousing the indignation of his men, procured half-pint jars labeled "Chappie's Cussin' Coins." Approved by staff officers in a regular meeting, the jars were distributed at appropriate places over the field, and everyone was informed that when he swore he was to drop a coin in the jar. The careless became "cussin' conscious," nor did anyone take offense at this novel preventive measure. The proceeds were put to a worthy purpose.

Passing the News to Home Folks

¶ CHAPLAIN HAROLD S. SANDERS, USNR, padre of a Seabee unit in New Guinea, has used very effectively a V-mail letter to families and churches announcing the attendance and religious decision of men in the service. Up to a recent date, he had sent out 10,000 of these good tidings to kinsmen in America, who have replied by scores.

Offering for Foreign Missions

¶ Some eight months ago CHAPLAINS STEWART W. HARTFELTER and RAYMOND C. BURNS combined their Protestant services for members of the 130th Infantry Regiment. The result shows an increased attendance, a deepening of the spiritual life of the regiment, and to the men a sense of unity within their churches. Furthermore, upon their arrival in New Guinea they took a voluntary offering each Sunday. Already they have sent $300 to an interdenominational disbursing agency for foreign missionary work in New Guinea and $245 for national missions and Christian education in America.

Comforting the Bereaved

¶ CHAPLAIN WALTER J. LINDEMANN USNR, who is stationed at the United States Navy Yard, Philadelphia, has been conveying to the next of kin information concerning that member of the navy who has been declared to be missing, or a definite casualty. Chaplain Lindemann believes that the chaplaincy offers no more productive field for Christian work than do these visitations to the homes of the bereft. He states that even more than the sharing of financial aid from the Navy Relief, is the deep appreciation by members of the household for the interest in their welfare taken by visiting navy chaplains.

Protesting Against Dirty Shows

¶ While serving a colored battalion on maneuvers in central Oregon in the fall of 1943, the Special Service Division put on a stage show that had features which were disgusting and morally degrading. CHAPLAIN LEONARD DEMOOR, through his supervisory chaplain, put in a formal protest. He in turn took it to the commanding officer, General Patch, a hero of Guadalcanal and now General Patton's successor at the head of the Seventh Army in France. Says Chap-

lain DeMoor: "The general saw to it that the Special Services officer was censured, and that there would be no repetition of such an offense against the moral sensibilities of our men in the service."

Ministerial Recruitment

¶ Everybody knows that one of the results of the war is now, and will increasingly be, a tragic shortage in ministerial material. CHAPLAIN W. W. EDEL and the chaplains associated with him at Sampson Naval Training Center are doing something about it. A special folder, attractively illustrated and addressing itself to the needs and opportunities of the ministry, is circulated among all men who are active in the big and much-alive Service Men's Christian League set-up operating at the center.

Home-made Altar

¶ You've heard about CHAPLAIN J. A. G. GRANT and others who, lacking more orthodox equipment, used seashells for communion cups. CHAPLAIN CLARENCE F. ANDERSON, stationed with his outfit along the shores of the Mediterranean, showed equal ingenuity. He made the background for his altar out of a sandbank covered with wild flowers, the altar itself out of a large packing box covered with a GI blanket, and out of seashells collected by his clerk fashioned a cross to hang in front.

SAMPLE LETTER OF CONDOLENCE

Submitted by CHAPLAIN ALBERT G. KARNELL

MY DEAR MRS. ——:

It is with deep feeling that I write you concerning your husband, ——, of the ——, who gave his life for his country. Our hearts were indeed heavy when we heard the news that one of our planes had crashed with several of our comrades aboard.

Of all the officers and men who have lived together as one family in the —— there is none who was more cordial or highly esteemed, in fact beloved, by his comrades as was ——. I look back on the many cherished and joyful occasions of my intimate associations with ——. I had flown with him high above the clouds, chatted at length many times while crossing the seas, visited him on several occasions while he was in the hospital, and frequently at night sat in the officers' quarters talking about things in general. These and many other contacts made between us a very close friendship.

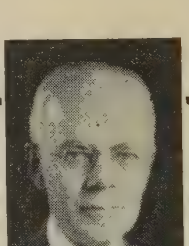
We sorrow not as those which have no hope, for we believe in God's offer of eternal life to those who serve him faithfully. I know that you believe in him "who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." In times of great heaviness of heart I know that you will draw closer to our Heavenly Father and his abundant love, so as to feel more fully the serene companionship and tranquil comforts of the Almighty God, "whose we are and whom we serve." I am certain that through faith in him your fortitude and courage will be strengthened.

—— was laid to rest, with his companions, in our beautiful American Military Cemetery. I am enclosing a copy of the service which I held. All of the men were accorded full military honors, each being buried in a lovely casket completely covered with the American flag. At the conclusion of the services salutes were fired, followed immediately by "Taps."

Words are so inadequate to express fully the emotion felt in our hearts for one so likable, happy, and considerate. May I express to you the sincere sympathies of all the many friends made by —— while serving in his country's forces.

THOUGHT-STARTERS

IDEAS FOR CHRISTMAS AND OTHER SERVICES



By HALFORD LUCCOCK, D.D.

The Baby Grew Up

¶ THE CHRISTMAS story is the story of a baby. That is a part of its inexhaustible pull on the mind and heart of humanity. But it is also a liability. For a great many people become so entranced with the beautiful story of a baby in a manger that they miss the chief point of the story, and hence do not feel the compulsion which it lays on life. We can become so charmed with the story of a baby that we grow sentimental about it; it does not ask that we do anything about it; it does not demand any vital change in our way of thinking and living.

But the chief point of the story is that *the baby grew up!* He grew up to become the sternest challenge to a world of hard power that had ever been made. He was no sentimentalist; he was a terrible realist! Everything opposed to love and brotherhood in our world, he declared flatly, is doomed and damned—for the reason that at the center of the universe is a God of loving purpose to all men.

The great question for us is this: Is our Christmas still only a story about a baby, or is it more, a deathless story about a Man, the Son of Man, into whom the baby grew, who can redeem the world from its sins, and who calls us into partnership with his great and mighty purposes?

What to Do With Gifts

¶ WHEN YOU were back in civil life, that was often quite a question, sometimes a bit embarrassing. What to do with your Christmas gifts! Well, sometimes we could *eat* them. That, still, is a good kind of gift. Sometimes we were supposed to *wear* them; often a necktie, bought by a wife or sister or girl friend, a tie bright enough to flag an express train! Sometimes we just put them away and forgot them.

But what about the *real* gifts of Christmas, the gifts wrapped up in the deep meaning of a Word which became flesh, a God who came down to earth in the life of Jesus, to share our burdens and needs, to enable us to overcome sin in his strength?

That is the real Christmas gift, beside which neckties, candy, cakes, cigarettes or what have you, are just temporary decoration on a Christmas tree. What are you going to do with *the gift of sonship,* the revelation that you are not just a blind accident of nature, not a cog in a big impersonal machine, not an orphan in a gigantic orphan asylum of a world, but a child of God, who has an infinite and eternal value because of an infinite relationship? What are you going to do with *the gift of a family relationship,* into which the Christmas gospel puts us with all other members of his family

The Great Enrollment

¶ In the Christmas story in Luke we read that Caesar Augustus decreed that "all the world should be enrolled to be taxed." That is something we know about! Our world is full of enrollments.

Who can forget the day when he received "Greetings" from the President of the United States, telling him to get enrolled! Back home millions of people get enrolled once a year to be taxed—the Doomsday of the Income Tax comes around at the Ides of March, the fifteenth. Think of all the other enrollments, the registrations, in hospitals, on the veterans' allotment lists. Our world is full of registrations!

Christmas is still a Great Enrollment. A decree, a great invitation, has gone out—not from some earthly Caesar, or some State—for all men to be enrolled, not by compulsion except the compulsion of love. The decree has gone out from God himself for us to be enrolled in a new company of those who acknowledge Christ's way of life for themselves, and who join the International Order of the Friends of Man!

B.C. or A.D.?

¶ Back home a man had to stand for a lot of razzing from his friends because his automobile license number was "B.C. 1847." The usual jibe was: "For Pete's sake, why don't you get up to date? You're away back in B.C. —twenty centuries behind the times."

Well it is a good question for any of us, isn't it, "*Are you living in B.C. or A.D.?*" That is, are you living in a "world before Christ," as though he had never lived or died, or are you really living in A.D.—in a "year of our Lord," in a world into which Christ has really come?

The man who simply lives for his own pleasure is really living in B.C. The man whose first, and often whose only, question is, "What is there in it for me?" is also dated B.C. We are in a gigantic war, a carnage of destruction and death. Why? For many reasons, but for one *chief* reason—because so much of our world was still living in B.C., in the pagan world of Greed and Grab.

"When the Lights Go On Again"

¶ Phonograph shops all over the U. S. are dusting off an old phonograph record of three years ago, getting ready for the Christmas demand. It will sound out over the radio again—because it has come into a new timeliness. The lights, thank God, are going on again, in Paris, in London, in the occupied countries. Literally, "the people who sat in darkness have seen a great light," in the words of an old pre-Christmas prophecy. It is a good song—even though it suggests Tin Pan Alley more than it does Symphony Hall.

But remember two things in the attractive picture it suggests: lights do not go on automatically, nor will they stay on just because the shooting stops.

(1) Lights will go on and stay on all over the world only if they go on *inside* of people. Only if there are enough people who have in themselves as a dominant desire the values they wish to see ruling in the world outside of them. For instance, take that wonder drug, penicillin. We learn that new uses for it are being discovered faster than new methods of production. Just so are plans for world

peace coming faster than new methods of production—that is, faster than new centers of peace and good will in individual lives. After all, lights depend on us, individually.

(2) The lights will not stay on *anywhere*, until they go on *everywhere*. We ought to know by this time that we are living, not in 27 different worlds, but in *one* world. "In a shrinking world, it becomes day by day more impossible to build a fence around anything—peace, war, wealth, poverty, tyranny, liberty."

"Something Happened Here"

¶ A MAN FROM NEW YORK was getting his first glimpse of the Grand Canyon in Arizona. He stood silent in awed wonder at the sight, and then finally said to a man standing next to him, "Gee, something must have happened here!"

It was a bit obvious. The Grand Canyon was too big a thing to explain by supposing that an Indian centuries before had drawn a stick across the ground. A result so big demands a cause big enough to account for the tremendous result.

This little story might well be the kick-off for a talk or sermon on the strong reason for faith that Jesus is the revelation of God. Look at the tremendous results that have come from his life and teachings. Surely, something must have happened here, in him, to account for the way in which he has been ploughed into the life of the world.

For one thing, the universal pull which he has had on the minds and hearts of men in all centuries and all lands means that there is something which pulls on man, when he has a chance really to appear before their minds. He fits human need so deeply that the only adequate explanation is that he is a divine answer to men's needs. The fit is too sure to be the result of an accident.

A traveler in Palestine has made a record of his feelings in Galilee when he was shown the place from which the skull of one of the primitive ancestors of man, called "the Galilee Man," was taken. This was one of the few remains of a skull of a creature said to be the link between the animal ancestors of man and true man. This traveler tells of looking at a model of the skull, so thick, with the slanting brow that left so little room for a brain. "This was the Galilee Man," he mused. Then the question came, "How did man ever get from the Galilee Man to the Man of Galilee?" How did mankind ever travel up the long slanting slope from the mud and the slime till the crowning achievement was reached, "the Man of Galilee" in Jesus.

Something must have happened! God was working his purpose out. In Jesus the summit was reached. So that the real evidence of the truth of Christianity is not first that of a Book, but the response which the mind and heart make, the conviction that whatever else may be wrong, this Man this way of life, is everlastingly *right*!

The Chemistry of Christma

¶ THERE ARE TWO great kinds of forces in our world, physical forces and chemical forces. Forces which act by *outside* power and forces which act by *inside* transformation. That, of course, is not scientifically exact. But it gives a rough distinction, which has some meaning.

The war, for instance, is being wo

by physical power—guns, bombs, tanks, ships. But more than mere physical power is needed to create a livable world. We need a power more like chemistry—a power to transform men from inside, a power which can creep into the secret places of the heart where the sources of conduct lie.

The Christmas gospel is not physical but *chemical.* The greatest chemical experiment in the world is the inner transformation of motive and purpose which is pictured in the Christmas carol:

> No ear may hear his coming,
> But in this world of sin,
> Where meek souls will receive him still,
> The dear Christ enters in.

William James expresses in oft-quoted words the need for chemical change in human lives: "I am done with great things and big things, with great institutions and big successes, and I am for those tiny invisible molecular forces that work from individual to individual, creeping through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, but which, give them time, will rend the hardest monuments of men's pride."

Christmas is not first a demand, but an offer. Here is a gift, a new power—will you open the door of your mind and heart to it?

Christmas Card from Eve Curie

¶ In her book, *Journey Among Warriors,* Eve Curie expresses a mood that surely all who have thought about the world's plight have also felt. She describes leaving Jerusalem in her journey and looking back on the city so indelibly joined in men's thoughts with the memory of Jesus. She says she thought of Jesus' teaching, so "tremendously powerful, yet so powerless," and she had a temptation to say sadly to him: "You told us to be kind and forgiving. But, for twenty solid centuries, wretched, incorrigible men have gone on being merciless, full of violence and hatred. Religious men and atheists alike have lived and ruled alike in a non-Christian way—and look at us now: we've never been in a worse mess."

All sadly true, isn't it? Think of those words—"Jesus' teaching, so tremendously powerful and yet so powerless." They *have* been powerful, "lifting empires off their hinges." And yet, as we look about us, "so powerless." Why? Isn't it for two reasons? (1) Men have not given them real power by acting on them in their own lives. (2) Men have taken their power from them by not applying them to the whole business of life, to industry, to race, to international relations. Give to the idea of Christmas the implements of hands and brains and you will see its power in *you.*

A Toy or a Power?

¶ It is interesting to note that every great invention which has become a new power in the world was begun as a toy. Well, maybe not *every* one. Perhaps it would be stretching it to say that the steam engine was ever a toy.

But think of some of the others. *Electricity* was a plaything before it was a power. People got a thrill out of being "shocked" by an electrical machine. *The clock and the compass, gunpowder* and the *printing press*—these were all invented in relatively ancient times. Yet until relatively modern times they were kept as mere playthings. No one thought of them as

tremendous powers, capable of changing a whole order of life. Consider the telephone. When *phones* were first installed, they were used in large part as God's gift to the village gossip!

Remember when the *radio,* as it first appeared, was a toy to play with, a little crystal set with which one could have a lot of fun sitting up till 2 A.M. and possibly getting a sound from a place as far away as San Francisco? Few had any vision to conceive the tremendous power it has become in the world today.

Religion too may be either a toy or a power. It can be a mere surface decoration in life, something to toy with, to enjoy mildly. Lots of people allow it to stay as a sort of plaything, never giving it a place as the driving power of life. Yet it can be just that. It can become a power, in individual life and in the life of the community and the world.

(Illustrate with stories of persons in whom it has become a power. Show what kind of real power for living it may supply, and how it may be received.)

"I Will Give You Rest"

¶ THE MOST POWERFUL subjects for sermons are not the preacher's new idea, but the old truths and old words so familiar that they strike root in every heart. One of these is in the words of Jesus, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." Isn't rest a universal desire these days? Where has the great majority of mankind any rest today, any release from the terrible impact of events which bomb rest out of existence?

Jesus does give rest from the dire feeling of the meaninglessness of life which lies in wait for most anyone. If his values of life are accepted, he gives rest from the clamoring insistence of one's own desires and appetites. If he is followed in human relations, he will give rest from the conflicts which today are making history to be just the annals of a vast slaughter-house.

"Shrink or Expand"

¶ LORD CHESTERFIELD deserves our gratitude for saying, in his *Letters to My Son,* so many things that are simply not true. Thus we can see them and avoid his advice. Someone has well said that he brought to the business of giving advice to young men the manners of a dancing master and the morals of a rake.

One thing Chesterfield advised his son to do was this: *"Always shrink yourself to the size of the company you are in."* That ought to take a Pulitzer prize for poor advice. Of course, there is this much sense to it: the wisdom of talking to people on some common ground which they share with you. Thus, if a man is a shark in higher mathematics, he ought to leave that out in conversation with a regular member of the human race to shrink himself from being a mathematical giant and talk to people on the basis of their common interests.

But Lord Chesterfield did not mean anything as sensible as that. He meant what he said: When you are in the company of people, always shrink yourself to their size, no matter how small it is. Thus many men do strike the lowest common denominator of the crowd they are in, and shrink themselves in a tragic way, leaving out the best that they are and can be. (Give examples of this.)

It is a bad thing to shrink yourself

so that you leave out the memory of the best people you have ever known, people whose lives and personality have been forces that have kept you up to your best. Keep them alive in you; carry them with you into any company. Don't shrink yourself; *expand* yourself to your true possible moral stature. Don't leave your best self at home.

Hitler and the Ten Commandments

¶ HERMAN RAUSCHNING reports a conversation with Hitler in which the Fuehrer described the Nazi movement as (don't laugh, Hitler really said it) "a great battle for humanity's liberation from the curse of Mount Sinai."

So that is what Hitler thinks of the Ten Commandments! Hitler's damning of anything becomes the highest praise we could think of. And very possibly this sneer of the Fuehrer does a real service in enabling us to take a fresh look at the Ten Commandments.

Honestly now, Herr Hitler, are they the "curse of Mount Sinai"?

The Nazis have shown us what a world devoted to breaking and disregarding the Ten Commandments looks like, anyhow. How do you like the looks of it? Every one of the commandments has been systematically and vigorously pushed off the human map. Every sin condemned has been glorified as a service to the dictator and the Master Race—killing, lying, adultery, covetousness, every one of the ten, even to the second—making an idol out of a mortal and putting him into the place of God.

Here, then, is a fresh approach to the Commandments, and their place as a foundation for any kind of decent life and decent world.

"Religion Takes You Out and In"

¶ PERHAPS THERE IS a suggestion in the meaty sentence: "Religion tends to take you *out* of life, and it tends to take you *into* it."

True. This double service of religion is worth stressing. It acted that way for Jesus. It often took him out of life, out of the thronging crowd, where there were so many pulls on his attention and strength; out to the hills where, in prayer, he renewed himself with strength from God. But he never stayed on the quiet and peaceful hill. He got back into life, with its need and its danger.

How to let religion take you out of life, and then how to let it bring you back with new strength and momentum, is a large part of the fine art of living.

"What Is It All About?"

¶ HERE ARE SOME thoughts on what a church service can do for service men:

James Truslow Adams, the American historian, wrote this: "Perhaps it would be a good idea, fantastic as it sounds, to muffle every telephone, halt every motor, and stop all activity some day, to give people a chance to ponder for a few minutes on what it is all about, why they are living and what they really want."

It would be hard to think of one sentence which would put more strongly the case for worship and church attendance. That is what worship does, among other things—it gives us a chance to think what life is all about.

(Here the chaplain can bring in his own interpretation of what life is all about and how the most may be made of it, as life and its purposes are seen through the eyes of Jesus.)

SERMON OUTLINES

"GAINING THE GUERDON"

Based on Acts 20:18-35, this is an outline slanted especially to airmen, but may be adapted to any group.

1. Note how Paul, knowing his life was to be sacrificed for Christ's sake, nevertheless steadfastly went on to Jerusalem and finally to Rome. While the Spirit revealed to him his life's tragic ending, Paul was made aware also of his abiding triumph over all evil. And he was given—as we all are—the power and inspiration to sail out into the sunset with his colors flying at the masthead of his unyielding heart. His life was nothing; Christ and his ideals were everything.

2. Men in this war are also called to give their lives, if necessary, for the high ideals of freedom, decency, and the right to live and worship as we choose.

Fighting men must realize that these dreams of high goals are implanted by God. In that sense, we are fighting *his* battle, not ours.

Our greatest victories, if not based on his will for us, will not avail. To gain the guerdon of faith, we must *live* the life he would have us live as well as *fight* for it. We must "hold fast to that which is good."

3. We are challenged not only by Paul's courage but by his loyalty to Christ. Such a loyalty will make us conquerors—personally and as a nation.

Formidable enemies stalk our path today; perhaps even worse ones will face us in tomorrow's postwar world. Sorely needed will be men who will work and fight to found a world of peace and order—racially, economically, socially, spiritually.

Jesus was right when he awarded the guerdon to the "peacemakers, for they shall be called the sons of God."

—*Submitted by* CHAPLAIN A. M. ELLISON

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

There are four worlds in which men in service may live:

1. *The World of Suspicion.*
2. *The World of Chronic Griping.*
3. *The World of Anarchy.*
4. *The World of Faith.*

—*Submitted by* CHAPLAIN NORRIS T. MORTON

SAVING BY LOSING

TEXT: *"For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."*—Matt. 16:25

Herein Jesus proclaims the unfailing law of life. In times of peace many refuse to take it seriously: it spoils their fun; it is "too idealistic"; it is not "good business practice."

But in time of war people must heed it: the soldier must sacrifice his life and all he holds dear and loves best; every family must sacrifice some member; many must sacrifice their business and their money. All of us are forced to sacrifice, for the survival of the nation depends upon it.

1. *Jesus knew and taught that sacrifice is always the law of life—in war or in peace.*

We admire it in others: the mother sacrificing for her child; the husband sacrificing for his wife and family (it's the basis of successful marriage and happy homes). Personal sacrifice is the way to freedom, making us masters of the material, giving us the secret of peace and power, over ourselves and others.

2. *It is the great hope of the future of our world.* Mutual self-sacrifice of personal and economic advantage will alone weld the world into one brotherhood. (Show how the practice of this law will breed trust instead of distrust, friendship instead of enmity, co-operation instead of cut-throat competition.)

3. *Its practice must begin with each of us.* We must live it in the service, at home, wherever we are. And it is our duty to "sell" it to a needy world.

—*Submitted by* CHAPLAIN A. W. SHOEMAKER

THREE CHEERS

1. *The Cheer of Forgiveness.* "Be of good cheer . . . thy sins be forgiven thee."

2. *The Cheer of Overcoming:* "Be of good cheer . . . I have overcome the world."

3. *The Cheer of Assurance:* "Be of good cheer: it is I, be not afraid."

—*Submitted by* CHAPLAIN C. W. JEWITT

SHIPS THAT NEVER SAIL

TEXT: *"And the ships were broken, that they were not able to go to Tarshish."*
—II Chron. 20:37

This is slanted to those "in the dumps" due to unfulfilled ambitions. Sermon might be divided into these subheads:

1. *Disappointments are often blessings in disguise.* Think back on your early ambitions; were not many of them misplaced or unworthy as you view them today? What would have happened to us and to others we love if those ambitions had been realized?

2. *Disappointment has more than negative influence.* Frustration in our plans often drives us into a place in life where we are happier and can serve more effectively.

3. *All ships are built for one purpose:* to carry passenger and cargo safely. The first concern in building an ambition is what effect it will have on those who go aboard with us.

CONCLUSION: Quote from Paul's words in Acts 27:22: "And now I exhort you to be of good cheer, for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship." It was the persons, not the ship, that counted!

—*Submitted by* CHAPLAIN LOREN O. CRAIN

"G I"

To every soldier the army gives certain equipment usually referred to as "GI"—or Government Issue. Those letters may also be used to stand for "God Issue."

ILLUSTRATION: In the movie "This Is the Army" a group of soldiers are discussing their disagreeable and tough top sergeant. Somebody wisecracks: "Aw, he wasn't born, he was issued!" To be sure, we have all been "issued"; we are GI's in more ways than one. In Genesis we read, "And the Lord formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

In making us living souls, God endowed us with mind, heart, will and conscience. That is all "God Issue."

The government makes two requirements concerning all equipment it issues: (1) It must be used properly, and (2) It must be so maintained as to give the maximum service. Regular and periodic inspections are made to see that those requirements are kept.

God makes the same requirements concerning that with which he has endowed us.

Does your "GI" (God Issue) equipment pass inspection today?

—*Submitted by* CHAPLAIN E. E. WEHKING

WANTED: OUTLINES—Send us an outline of what you consider your most effective sermon to service men. Keep it brief, with the text stated, the "points" clear and sharp. Under each point, include only enough "development" to give the direction of the thought. Include also any pertinent illustration connected therewith.

ILLUSTRATIONS

"I never could have believed we could have traveled so far with so little difficulty," wrote Tamsen Donner, wife of George Donner, from a camp on the South Platte on a June day, 1846. "Roads good, food plentiful, prairies beautiful beyond description, Indians friendly, oxen thriving, everybody in good health and high spirits," ran the report as the 100 home-seekers, California bound, moved along the trail 450 miles west of Independence, Mo.

So it was until they reached Fort Bridger. There someone advised them to take a new trail, a cut-off that would shorten the route by 300 miles. They halted and debated at the forks of the trail. And they decided. The great caravan divided, and those who held to the old road north of Salt Lake reached California in safety. But eighty-seven, lured by the short-cut, reached the most fateful decision ever made in the history of western migration. They were overtaken by blinding blizzards at the foothills of the Sierras. Snow hid the last vestige of the trail. Great drifts impeded progress to the summit.

There, without fire and food, most of them perished in the snow fields thirteen feet deep. Among them was Tamsen Donner, who in her letter penned beside the Platte wrote, "Indeed, if I do not experience something far worse than I have yet done, I shall say the trouble is all in getting started." In her diary, lost in the snows, she may have written, ". . . also in avoiding short-cuts."

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From *Yankee from Olympus* (Bowen): "Bostonians went to the funeral in crowds, and when they came home told stories about John Quincy Adams. How the old man always rose at five, sponged in ice-cold water and, sitting by the fire with his candle, read aloud from the Bible. Dr. Ellis had been down to New York City not long before with Mr. Adams. When they got into bed in their hotel room on the Battery, Adams told stories until Ellis roared with laughter.

"Then Adams said: 'It is time to go to sleep and I am going to say my prayers. I shall say also the verse my mother taught me when a child. I have never failed to repeat it every night of my life. I have said it in Holland, Prussia, Russia, England, Washington and Quincy. I say it out loud always and I don't mumble it either.' Then in a loud, clear voice the old Puritan began his 'Now I lay me . . .' "

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General Samuel Chapman Armstrong, born on Maui, one of the Hawaiian Islands, in 1839, the son of a missionary who with his devoted wife was the physician and administrator of the affairs of 25,000 natives, came to America and made Hampton Institute famous.

To illustrate how obstacles were objects to be surmounted, he told his negro pupils this parable of the woodchuck: "Once there was a woodchuck. Now, woodchucks can climb trees. Well, this woodchuck was chased by a dog and came to a tree. He knew that if he could get up this tree the dog could not catch him. Now, woodchucks can't climb trees, but he had to, so he did."

Amid gales of laughter the students saw the advantage of attempting the impossible.

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Here is one voter's idea of a successful election. An ex-Rough Rider wrote President Theodore Roosevelt for a loan of $200 to hire a lawyer to defend him for killing a man in a ranch brawl. Soon President Roosevelt received the following reply: "Dear Teddy: I'm sending back the money I borrowed to help at my trial. We didn't need it, have no trial, as we elected our District Attorney."

•

Robert E. Lee had returned to Arlington, his estate on the Potomac, after several months with the army engineers who were dredging the western rivers. Douglas Southall Freeman has related an incident of this visit thus:

"It may have been at this time, during the winter of his return from the West, that the youthful Custis unwittingly impressed on Lee his ever increasing moral responsibility for this growing household. Lee took

Custis out for a walk one snowy day, and when they had plowed along together for a while, Custis dropped behind. After a few minutes Lee looked back and found that his little boy was behind him imitating his every move and walking in the tracks his father had made in the snow. 'When I saw this,' Lee told one of his friends long afterwards, 'I said to myself, "It behooves me to walk very straight when this fellow is already following in my tracks!" '"

It is strange how occasionally well-meaning people initiate what at the outset may appear harmless, and then disclaim all personal responsibility for the evil consequences.

Gordon Hines, in his biography of William Henry (Alfalfa Bill) Murray, cites such an incident in referring to the step-mother of the former Governor of Oklahoma. Certainly Dow Murray, whose paternal grandmother was a sister of Lorenzo Dow and a preacher, and his second wife who was also a preacher and exercised rigid religious restrictions over her household, had no fellowship with wine-bibbers. Nevertheless, after dwelling upon how Dow Murray prided himself on being the producer of the community's best grapes, Mr. Hines says: "In the fall there were grapes to pick. Mollie Murray did not believe in making intoxicants, but she always crushed grapes and placed them where the 'wine could make itself,' as she declared it did."

All of which has its humor, but was a rather neat trick of shifting the responsibility—neat but not effective.

Next to the fabled cow that jumped over the moon, the most widely publicized bovine belonged to one Mrs. O'Leary of Chicago. She was the cow that in 1871 kicked over the lamp that started the biggest blaze on the western hemisphere. Now, after nearly three quarters of a century, evidence has come to light that may establish the innocence of this much-maligned creature. The guilt rests upon some crap-shooters, among whom was Mrs. O'Leary's boy, if the version of the origin of the fire based upon evidence found among the papers of Louis M. Cohn who died in 1942, and developed by Kenneth Olsen of the Medill School of Journalism of Northwestern University, can be trusted. Those "ivory cubes" appear to have rolled up a big score of disasters!

When Fort Sumter was fired on, a painter had finished only the words, "Glory to God in the highest," of the verse which the pastor, Edward Everett Hale, had selected to appear above the pulpit of the South Congregational Church, Boston. It seemed inappropriate to complete the inscription while the country was engaged in fratracidal strife. Finally news of the cessation of hostilities arrived, and there was added, "And on earth peace, good will toward men."

During this interlude of war, multitudes hopefully await the hour when the completed sentence may again be written not only in imperishable letters in all sanctuaries, but graven in the hearts of all men.

In his autobiography, Norman Hapgood tells of hearing a Negro minister who had placed a sign in front of his church announcing that he would answer Robert Ingersoll who had recently lectured in the town on "The Mistakes of Moses." Said the minister: "Brethren and sisteren, I'm not goin' to say anything against Colonel Ingersoll. I might compare his character with the character of Moses, but I will not do that. I will let you believe, if you can, that he is just as truthful as Moses. But when you think whether these things happened as Moses says, or did not happen, as Colonel Ingersoll says, I ask you to remember jes' exactly one thing—*Moses was there* and Colonel Ingersoll was not."

That a person may be too scrupulous about keeping a secret is illustrated by a story told by former Senator James E. Watson to President Herbert Hoover over at his camp on the Rapidan. It seems that while it was admitted that Quakers are proverbially honest, it was charged that occasionally one would skin a person in a horse trade. "How do you make that out?" asked President Hoover, himself a Quaker.

Then followed the story of a Quaker who once sold a one-eyed horse to another Quaker, but somehow neglected to mention that slight defect. When the buyer discovered that the horse was blind on one side he sold it to another Quaker, but said nothing about

it. "Brother Jesse," complained the latest purchaser, "you didn't say anything to me about that horse being blind in one eye." When he confessed that he did not and asked, "Well, why didn't thee?" he received this reply: "Well, it was like this. I got him from Brother Peacock and he didn't say anything to me about it, and so I just thought it was a secret."

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The most noncommittal man that ever resided in the White House was Martin Van Buren. It was not without cause that he came to be called "The Careful Dutchman" and the "Red Fox of Kinderhook." Once a Senator, in an attempt to nail him down to a positive utterance, asked: "Matt, it's being rumored that the sun rises in the East. Do you believe it?" Mr. Van Buren replied, "Well, Senator, I understand that's the common acceptance, but as I never get up until after dawn, I can't really say."

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On one occasion Thomas Huxley, the great philosopher, remarked to Herbert Spencer, "I suppose that all one can do with his life is to make his mark and go." That was a commendable goal, but Mr. Spencer went him one better when with wisdom and modesty he replied: "Ah, that is too much to expect. All that one can do is to give a push!"

Certainly a push is needed by young men confused by the enormities of our times. To point out worthy goals, to implant spiritual ideals that will give momentum and true direction to their lives, is better than mere concern about making one's mark.

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Americans take pride in news of beachheads established and of the speedy erection of places of worship. It is well to remember that such procedure follows the true pattern of our founders.

Those 100 settlers who arrived on the banks of the Kennebec River in Maine in 1606 could not hold out against sickness, savages, starvation and the rigors of winter, but they straightway erected a church in the wilderness.

The voyagers who ascended the James River in Virginia found, when they went ashore, their first need to be a church, and immediately they stretched a sail for a roof, placed a board between two trees upon which they placed the Bible and the Prayer Book, and there they worshiped God.

The Pilgrims, before they made their landings, covenanted that, once ashore, they would establish a colony "where perchance we may serve God as we will."

The first act of Lord Calvert's band when they set foot on Maryland soil was to erect a cross and engage in worship.

With the Dutch at the landings at Manhattan went their chaplains, and soon the broad axes were hewing the logs for a sanctuary.

These pastors and their spiritual flocks were the prototypes of all chaplains and their supporters who, amid danger and sacrifice, have established beachheads on distant shores. The Cross, the Book and the Chapel have been given their indispensable places. It is the American way.

•

Bishop Francis J. McConnell, in explaining the reason for Samson's shortcoming which caused him to miss his big chance, has said: "It was his arms that pulled down the gates of Gaza, his fists that killed the lion, his legs that outran the foxes. It was regrettable that the divine force had only his fists and arms and legs through which to work."

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Walter P. Chrysler, whose father drove a wood-burner locomotive across the western prairies, concluded that he would improve not only on the old means of conveyance but even the best of his own day. And so he managed to buy the most expensive automobile he could find, not for pleasure driving but to run into his garage and tear down and reassemble countless times. Over in the shop where he worked at the lathe, he adopted this motto: "Give more than you are paid for." One visible witness that fidelity to the motto repaid him is the Chrysler Building in New York, which is 68 stories high and cost $14,000,000.

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One of our hospital chaplains, visiting the section in which the colored soldiers were recuperating, discovered a colored man addressing a group of wounded men. Edging a bit closer, he was surprised to find the fellow preaching pacifism with all the

might, making bold claims that he would utterly refuse to fight, no matter what the enemy did.

Upon inquiry, the chaplain discovered that the boy had been so conscientious in regard to the matter that he had been transferred to the ambulance corps. Here he was doing good work, but persisted in preaching his doctrine of non-resistance to all men everywhere.

The hospital was located in a section frequently visited by buzzbombs, and the colored boy in question slept in a tent with a foxhole just outside. That very night Jerry sent over his bombs, and one of them struck a portion of the hospital—it happened to be almost empty, and no deaths were caused. This colored pacifist was down in his foxhole and somehow had both feet stuck out the top. When the bomb exploded, his right foot was severely burned.

The next day, the boy was in the hospital for treatment and was informed by the attending surgeon that his foot-burn was of such a nature that he might never dance again. This was a blow, for he was a wonderful dancer and took great pride in his art. Two hours later both the surgeon and chaplain were hunting the colored boy. He had fled the hospital without consulting anyone.

He was discovered in the afternoon heading for "them D— foot-shootin' Jerries," equipped with a knife, a gun and a fully loaded pistol belt. He didn't realize that the ammunition would not fit the rifle. Questioned in regard to his pacifism, he replied, *"But, man, dey done hit me whur it hurt!"*

—CHAPLAIN R. LEROY LOGAN

One of John Henry Jowett's regular hearers was boasting to a loyal adherent of a village chapel, "I hear the great Dr. Jowett every Sunday." The villager's reply was as challenging as it was unexpected. *"What a terrible responsibility!"*

A writer in *Young People's Weekly* tells this: "Coming out of the Lincoln Memorial, on a recent visit to Washington, I stood on the steps behind one of the guards, to enjoy a few moments of meditation. I didn't notice the children for quite a while, but suddenly their presence became real. Three little youngsters, all of pre-school age, were solemnly walking back and forth on the sidewalk fronting the Memorial. No word was spoken, but their group action bespoke a common understanding. They were immaculately washed, their clothes were worn but freshly laundered, their demeanor was quiet. Of course, the youngest, like younger sisters and brothers generally, was slightly to the rear, partly walking and partly being dragged. Solemnly they walked to and fro, stopping each time they were directly in front of the entrance, to look uncertainly at the statue of the Great Emancipator and the guard who was standing near me.

"Finally they started slowly to ascend the steps, pausing frequently to glance furtively in our direction. They stopped completely when they reached the step on which we were standing. They stood near us for some time before speaking to each other in a whisper. Then the eldest detached herself from the group and approached the guard. She waited patiently until she got his attention. Then she timidly asked, *'Can colored children go in there?'* "

C. H. Spurgeon used to tell this story: "An American said to a friend, 'I wish you would come down to my garden, and taste my apples.' He asked him about a dozen times, but the friend did not come and at last the fruit grower said, 'I suppose you think my apples are good for nothing, so you won't come and try them.'

" 'Well, to tell the truth,' said his friend, 'I have tasted them. As I went along the road I picked one up that fell over the wall, and I never tasted anything so sour in all my life. I do not particularly wish to have any more of your fruit.'

" 'Oh,' replied the owner of the garden, 'I thought it must be so. Those apples around the outside are for the special benefit of the boys. I went fifty miles to select the sourest sorts to plant all around the orchard, so the boys might give them up as not worth stealing. But if you will come inside, you will find that we grow a very different quality there, sweet as honey.'

"Those who judge the Church by its worst members (the hangers-on around the edge), those most like the world, make the same mistake."

CHAPLAINS!—Send us your most striking illustrations for this section.

PERSONALS

CHAPLAIN FRED C. KING tells about a heroine as he heard the story from her son who lay in a hospital, unable to write and hardly able to talk. After giving the chaplain the main things he wished written to his mother, he said: "Don't try to cover up anything about my injuries and having lost my leg. I have a brother who lost his leg just a few months ago almost as I did mine, and when my mother learned about him she really took it fine. I know she will take this news about me in the same way. She's had it tough since we've been in the army, but she really knows how to take it." Mothers are brave, too.

CHAPLAIN WILLIAM B. HOOD, for two and one-half years during his tour of foreign duty, has carried the same Bible which he used while formerly working with the Sudan-United Mission in Nigeria. Recently, in a British hospital, Chaplain Hood met wounded West African troops for whom he conducted a service in the Nigerian language called *Hausa*.

CHAPLAIN MERLE M. GROVE, from his experience with a combat infantry regiment in France, writes of the sobering effect of worship within sound of the enemy as follows: "When you stand in the presence of the Almighty to sing the grand old gospel hymns, the sounds of the world are not heard. We have found that the army is not a place to forget one's religion, but a place to develop it."

There was an Oregon boy who sauntered into a Communion service which was being conducted by CHAPLAIN EVERETT W. GOULD. The ritual of the sacrament included the words, "First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." The young soldier hurriedly left the service but soon returned to partake of the Lord's Supper. He later explained to the chaplain that he had gone to ask forgiveness of another for angry words expressed the previous day.

CHAPLAIN FRED E. ANDREWS, who hails from Texas, land of the Alamo and San Jacinto, seems to carry on the traditions of those historic places where death once stalked, by decreeing that men shall not be forgotten. This veteran chaplain, who served with his battalion through the Tunisian and Sicilian campaigns, has received the Silver Star. The men who were with him say that he might well claim this record: "No man in my battalion was ever buried in an unknown grave."

The ordination of Cadet Chaplain J. Philip Forsander, USNR, V-12 student in the Berkeley Baptist Divinity School, makes another rare father-and-son combination in the records of the chaplaincy. The father is CHAPLAIN J. PHILIP FORSANDER, USN chaplain in charge of the 13th Naval District

High praise is given CHAPLAIN C. LEGRAND MOODY, USNR, in an article in a recent issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* by Martin Sommers, the magazine's foreign editor. During the shelling of Cherbourg the chaplain gave a blow-by-blow account over the public address system of the battleship *Texas*. The ship received several direct hits from German shore guns, and twice its main deck was aflame during the engagement.

BISHOP EDWIN F. LEE, Director of the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains, on October 9th attended a dinner for forty chaplains, arranged by Dr. Frederick L. Fagley of the Congregational Christian Churches, at the National Arts Club in New York City. The dinner was followed by a roundtable discussion of plans and ideals relating to the chaplaincy program.

At the request of Dr. Everett A. Babcock, General Secretary of the Connecticut Council of Churches, Bishop Lee shared the evening program on October 23rd with Governor Raymond E. Baldwin at a state-wide conference on the general discussion of "The Churches and Demobilization. "The World Ahead as Viewed by the Realistic Idealist" was the subject of the Bishop's address.

The General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains and the Service Men's Christian

League were represented at the World Communion Day services held at the U. S. Naval Training Station, Sampson, N. Y., by CHAIRMAN WILLIAM BARROW PUGH, DR. FREDERICK L. FAGLEY, chairman of the Chaplains' Committee of the Congregational-Christian Churches, and GENERAL SECRETARY IVAN M. GOULD of the SMCL. More than 8,500 servicemen and women partook of the sacrament, making it one of the largest Communion services ever held under one roof.

Recently Mr. Gould served as "special chaplain" during a week-end with the Naval V-12 program at Berea College, Ky.

It is an ordinary enough church as churches go, this mission chapel at Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea. For a long time, however, it stood as a symbol of Western civilization and religion to the natives for many miles around.

Not so long ago—before the Japs came to despoil it and use the ruins as a communication center—it dominated the flat fertile floor of the valley that sweeps out of Hollandia Bay up into the Cyclops Mountain Range. Now battered and bomb-ridden, it is rapidly being lost amidst the growing number of warehouses which the army service troops are erecting to house the vast flow of shipping to our tactical forces here and at forward bases.

But the Word is still being spread from the little Dutch chapel, the first to be recaptured in the Netherlands East Indies. From the second Sunday after the liberating forces arrived, the chapel has been crowded to the doors by communicants of all faiths. That first service was conducted by CHAPLAIN ERNEST D. ELLIOTT, supervising chaplain for this area, who arrived shortly after the beachhead had been secured.

It was a harrowing experience. After the Japanese beds and equipment had been cleared out of the church, there was room for the overflowing congregation, but all had to stand for lack of seats. Outside the door, American patrols were still rooting out the remnants of the enemy forces that had fled to the hills.

Even while on his way to the service, Chaplain Elliott had to run the gauntlet of snipers' bullets, and had to stop to save the life of an American soldier who had fallen wounded in the road exposed to enemy fire. The chaplain has been commended for this act of gallantry.

AT YOUR SERVICE

• *Materials and services available to chaplains*

• IN THIS DEPARTMENT *each month we will list those special services and sources of materials available to you from church agencies and individuals. You can help us make this department a rich mine of information to your fellow-chaplains by advising us of other materials you have found helpful.*

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The General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains and the Service Men's Christian League have lent their services to Mr. Charles P. McCormick in mailing to each Protestant chaplain a copy of the book *Sparks*. Mr. McCormick and his company, McCormick Building, Baltimore, Maryland, have borne the entire expense of furnishing and mailing these books because of their interest in the work of the chaplains.

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Miss Norah B. Huffman, 3528 Fulton Street, N.W., Washington, D. C., will, upon request, furnish chaplains with the pamphlet *In God We Trust*. This is a devotional and patriotic folder which chaplains may distribute to service men with good results.

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Material on Mental Health will be supplied to chaplains upon request to the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains, 1137 Woodward Building, Washington 5, D. C. This literature, which will be sent out quarterly, is furnished by the Commission on Religion and Health, of the Federal Council of Churches.

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Copies of *Allied Youth*, a magazine on alcohol education, may be had by any chaplain upon request to: Allied Youth, Inc., 1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

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Copies of the booklet *Prayers for Men in Service*, edited by G. A. Cleveland Shrigley, are available in quantity, free of charge, from The Salvation Army, 120 West 14th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Address requests to Captain Walter H. Squibb.

ALL IN FUN

THIS APOCRYPHAL STORY is being told of Gen. Montgomery who, despite the fact that he is a disciplinarian who doesn't smoke or drink and demands that his men adhere strictly to every regulation, is revered by all the troops in his command.

The tale concerns a flight he took with Lord Mountbatten. The plane came down into the sea. They inflated their rubber boat, and Mountbatten said: "Let me do the rowing. After all, I'm an admiral."

Mountbatten rowed, and suddenly the boat capsized. They clambered back into the boat and Mountbatten said: "Promise me that you won't tell my sailors that I couldn't row this boat."

"All right," Montgomery agreed, "on condition that you don't tell my men that I couldn't walk on the water."

THE BIG BUSINESS MAN had died and gone to—well, not to heaven. But hardly had he settled down for a nice long smoke when a hearty hand slapped him on the back, and into his ear boomed the voice of a persistent salesman who had pestered him much on earth.

"Well, Mr. Smith," chortled the salesman, "I'm here for the appointment."

"What appointment?"

"Why, don't you remember?" the salesman went on. "Every time I entered your office on earth you told me you'd see me here first!"

THERE WAS an absent-minded Sunday-school teacher with whom the boys of his class liked to have fun. One day when the boys knew that their teacher was to read a certain passage from the Bible, they pasted together the connecting pages.

The teacher came into the room and began to read. When he got to the bottom of the page he read: "'When Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife who was'"—then he turned the page—"'140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch inside and out.'"

The teacher looked puzzled for a moment, re-read the passage, and then said: "Boys, this is the first time I have come across this passage in the Bible, but I am ready to accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

WHEN AMERICAN news agencies were demanding more reporters at the front, and when one hysterically excited claimed, "This is the biggest story since the Crucifixion!" an official SHAEF dryly replied: "I understand that that event was fairly adequately covered by only four reporters."

STEPHEN LEACOCK tells this story: "Years ago when I first got my Ph.D. degree, I was inordinately proud of it and used to sign myself 'Dr. Leacock' in season and out. On a trip to the Orient I put my name down that way on the passenger list of the liner. I was just getting my things straight in my cabin when a steward knocked and said: 'Are you Dr. Leacock?' 'Yes,' I answered. 'Well, the captain compliments, doctor, and will you please come and have a look at the second stewardess's leg?' I was off like a shot, realizing the obligations of a medical man. But I had no luck. Another fellow got there ahead of me. He was a Doctor of Divinity."

To All of You . . .

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TO AN ARMY Chaplain

By T/5 Herbert E. Wagle

'TIS said that they who love the sword
Shall by the sword be slain.
You love it not! Yet where men die,
Your body too has lain.

And far away in prison camp,
Where homesick sleepers toss,
Upon a tattered uniform
Is seen your silver cross.

O soldier of Christ! O man of God,
Our link with all that's fine!
You live with very human men,
Yet think with thoughts divine.

O man of courage, man of faith!
You leave your native sod,
To face unarmed a thousand deaths
To bring men home to God!

Your country has you often named
Upon its heroes' roll,
But only God can see
The many medals on your soul!